

tache of the same color completing the picture. Though his figure was spare and ill made, it bore about it the indications of great muscular strength. As a result of this fact Noah was almost universally dreaded. He fought his own battles, and was a king in his own right, notwithstanding there was a sort of tacit acknowledgment among his companions that Will Barnes should have the management of all their concerns.

"Here I am," said Ruth, overjoyed to have her solitude broken up even by these two rare specimens of the human race.

"Poor critter," said Noah, compassionately; "I be real sorry for ye, Miss Ruth, but ye see it couldn't be helped, no ways. It's only for a day or two. Here's Spitfire now, is comin' to do all he can for ye, to make ye comfortable, won't yer, Spit?"

"Lor yes," replied the woman, bobbing a most astonishing curtsy to the young girl. "To be sure the men says she can't leave the cave, but for all that we can fix her up right nice. 'Spouse you feel pretty hungry, don't you, Miss; as if you wanted a little breakfast, like—eh?"

"Not particularly," said Ruth, "but for the sake of mercy, am I to stay in this dismal place?"

"Why, no, Miss," said Noah, facetiously, "not zackly here, you know, and yet kinder here too—ha, ha, funny, ain't it? Spit, do you show Miss Ruth the way, while I look after this ere man."

He went forward a short distance and stooped down over what Ruth had supposed in the obscure light, was a mound of stone and sand. It was not, however, for, scarcely without an effort, the smuggler lifted the object in his arms, and slung it carelessly over his great, long shoulder.

As he did so, again Ruth heard the feeble, hollow moan which had before so startled her.

"What is it—who is it?" she asked her companion, in a low voice.

"Oh, nothin'," said Spitfire, briskly leading the way into the back of the cavern. "It's nothin' but a man. He would come to you, know. Came to, right in spite of 'em. 'Spect the men's awful mad. I heard one of 'em blowin' about it, and Barnes said out and out it wouldn't have happened if it hadn't been for you. Guess he didn't like to wet him again for fear you'd blab."

"Wet him?" said Ruth, with an involuntary shiver.

"Lor, yes, miss, wet him—put him where he came from—in the water."

Amazed and horrified, Ruth followed her conductor in silence, while a little behind, out of reach of hearing, however, stepped Noah Williams, carrying the shipwrecked man over his shoulder, and coolly whistling "Hail Columbia." The woman's breath was strongly redolent of whiskey. It was only in view of her partial intoxication that Ruth could account for her extraordinary, and, on her own part, impudent communicativeness. For some time they traversed the cavern without speaking. The farther they proceeded, the more was the young girl astonished at the extent and beauty of this underground freak of nature. Sometimes the roof descended so low they were obliged to creep on their hands and knees to avoid contact with it, and the next moment it sprang up into lofty arches, that gave back sonorous echoes to their very footsteps, while little golden gleams of sunlight occasionally fell over their pathway, which otherwise would have required torchlight to render it passable.

"Spit!" suddenly cried the smuggler, "as sure as you live you're goin' by them two doors. There, there be to the right—Look sharp and open the left one of 'em quick, for this 'ere chap is none of the lightest, I can tell you!"

The woman obeyed, and unlocking the door designated, which was made in a rough board partition between two columns of rock, at one side of the cave, she indicated forth her hand for Ruth to enter first. The girl did so unhesitatingly. She was followed by Noah Williams, still bearing his living burden, and Mistress Spitfire herself brought up the rear, banging to the door and locking it with a vigor which Ruth thought rather unnecessary. It was a small, low chamber, seemingly worn by the operation of the water from the very heart of the rock. It was lit by a solitary candle, which burned on a chair, the only article of furniture the room contained.

And in this room, lying on a loose heap of straw, Ruth beheld her brother James, buried in profound slumber. The noise of their entrance did not disturb him. He moved slightly, murmured some few inaudible words, and sank back to a deeper sleep than before.

Ruth hallowed stood gazing at her false, weak brother long and earnestly. The flickering candle-light by no means ennobled the expression of his sinister face, grown almost idiotic now in its state of perfect repose. His black hair was pushed back from the brow, revealing its organs of shallow faculties, and the consequent mental worthlessness of their possessor. Unkind as he had often been, unworthy of regard as he had shown himself, Ruth felt inexpressible gratitude for this meeting—Half unconsciously she cast herself on the straw beside him, and clasping her hands fervently together, blessed her Creator's name in humble, thankful prayer.

She was aroused by the rough but not rude touch of Noah Williams's heavy hand on her shoulder.

"If you please, Miss Ruth, to move a bit. I want to put this feller down there on the straw."

Asshamed of her thoughtlessness, the girl sprang out of his way, and not without some little display of tenderness, the man deposited his burden by the side of the sleeping lad, who fairly awakened now, sat up, and rubbed his eyes, looking sullenly around, but without in the most remote degree deigning to recognize Ruth. She met his gaze sternly and coldly. Neither spoke. Such was the reunion of this brother and sister. Seldom before were there two people thus closely connected, so totally dissimilar in all those respects that make the bond of nature to be doubly loved and honored by each.

"Water—water—wherever you are, for God's sake, give me water!"

The cry came from the pallet of straw. It was like the wail of the dying, distinct and appalling with the earnestness of corporeal misery.

The woman, whom Noah Williams had designated as "Spitfire," brought a pitcher from an adjoining and smaller room, from which she poured some water in a cracked tea cup. Presenting it to the man's lips he drank eagerly, as one parched by intolerable thirst, and then sighing, closed his eyes again. His face was as colorless as a marble statue's. Ruth thought him dying. She had never yet witnessed death, and for the first time, now realized its fearful solemnity. The water, however, seemed to have a revivifying effect. Before long, the sick man fell into a peaceful sleep, from which not even Spitfire's noisy preparations for breakfast, in the next room, awakened him.

The day passed wearily and cheerlessly enough to both brother and sister. But little conversation passed between them. Ruth sought no explanation, and James quite as discreetly refrained from proffering any. They had no means of noting the passing of the hours, for the little room was totally impervious to the light, and evening, when it fell, found them unconscious of its coming.

Spitfire made Ruth a rude bed in the next room, where, exhausted by the previous night's trials and sleeplessness, she rested as calmly as a child wearied with innocent recreation—the outer chamber being placed at the disposal of Jem Hallowell and the stranger, for whom, unassisted Nature was gradually doing wonders in the way of restoration.

There was something about this man, that she knew not why, irresistibly attracted Ruth's attention. When he slept during this first day of their mutual confinement, she sat with folded hands, mute lips, and fascinated eyes, gazing on his white, bruised features—for he had been terribly wounded—so said Spitfire—when the waves threw him in contact with the rough shore of Lighthouse Island. And even as he lay, broad awake, tossing feverishly on his couch of pain, the girl could not always refrain from bestowing many furtive glances upon him. It was like the charm which a snake exercises over a bird. Ruth Hallowell experienced for this man, no other emotion than that of cordial, utter indifference, which was by no means diminished by his occasional bursts of irritated temper. She was too enthralled by her own immediate sorrows, to feel more than a slight degree of sympathy for his great sufferings. Yet, do what she would, she could not avoid or escape this, on his part, involuntary snare of fascination. There was nothing about his appearance calculated to propitiate; his very curl of his heavy moustache had in it, to Ruth, a disagreeable expression, and the pallor of his blue eyes impressed her as tame and characterless, a peculiarity, which, to one who was all character, all energy herself, was unflinchingly displeasing. As the days elapsed, the sick man seldom spoke, and scarcely ever looked at either of his fellow prisoners. To Spitfire alone, on her visits to the cave, was he at all communicative, gruffly asking for restoratives, food of a kind to suit his wants or inclination, and promising in return, rewards, at which, from his present helplessness and poverty, the woman always scoffed contemptuously. He fared none the worse for this, however, because, Spitfire with all her sharp retorts, had somewhere, a soft place in her heart. Often, after a violent altercation with her victim, in which she abused him furiously, and he himself was not slow to retaliate, thus unwisely prolonging the contest, she would suddenly appear on the threshold, to Ruth's great amusement, and tossing to her patient some desirable delicacy, tell him to "Take it, and not make a fool of himself." After which performance she slammed the door invariably, and trotted noisily off, singing this refrain to a ditty very popular at that time,

"Didn't they gabble,
And didn't they stuff,
And weren't they sorry
When they had enough!"

Two, three days passed tediously by.

In vain were all Ruth's and Jem's entreaties for freedom. Noah Williams and Spitfire were the only persons who visited the cave, and the sole satisfaction to be obtained from the former was a brief, "I'm sorry, but it can't be helped—no ways," and from the latter a short nod of the head, and a wink from her good-natured eyes.

Ruth began to feel inexpressible anxiety for the inhabitants of the little cabin at the lighthouse. She knew they must be experiencing great mental trial at her own and Jem's non-appearance, and as night after night passed and found them still in the cavern, a steadfast sadness settled upon her mind. On the fourth day of her absence from home, the girl's joy may be imagined, when Spitfire placed in her hands this note:

"Dear Child,
"We know that you are well and safe, and that you will be among us again before very long. Be patient and hopeful. All is straight at home. Tell Jem his father says he is willing to forgive and forget. God bless you both forevermore."
"FATHER LEE."

That night she slept with the note and the book which it accompanied clasped thankfully in her hands. Her dreams as usual were vivid with their reality, but not, as usual, unpeaceful. She was haunted no more by visions of nude bodies being tossed about by angry billows, being rescued by yellow, silent, lightning flashes, beat grandly on rocks up-lifting their proud peaks from the bosom of the ocean.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why is a pretty young woman like you in time of scarcity? Because she ought to be husbanded.

It is an extraordinary fact, that those who get to high words generally use low language.

"Are you mate of the ship?" asked an emigrant of the cook, who was an Irishman.

"No, sir; I'm the man that cooks the mate."

Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the mind, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity.—Addison.

How to RUIN YOUR HEALTH.—1st. Stop in bed late; 2. Eat hot suppers; 3rd. Turn day into night, night into day; 4th. Take no exercise; 5th. Always ride, when you can walk; 6th. Never mind about wet feet; 7th. Have half-a-dozen doctors; 8th. Drink all the medicine they send you; 9th. Try every new quack; 10th. If that doesn't kill you, quack yourself.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is \$2 a year in advance—sent in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union, without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar tastes.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the paper, these back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of the following kind are given: ADVERTISEMENTS, THE CHILD MEDICINE, &c. &c. We are now engaged in publishing the following NOVELS, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers: WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND); ALICE CARV, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT." The Author of "MILLIE, THE CHILD MEDICINE," &c. &c. We are now engaged in publishing the following NOVELS, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novellet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah," "The Child Medicine," &c. &c.

The following, WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH ENGRAVINGS, will be published in due season:—

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY, A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c. &c.

In addition to our original novellets, we design containing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, Views of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

THE SHAKSPEAREAN QUESTION AGAIN.

Miss Delia Bacon, of whose Shakspearean theory we have before spoken, and whose book on the philosophy of Shakspeare's plays, is soon to be issued from the press in this country, gets, it must be allowed, rather shabby treatment from the lords of the critical press, in advance of the publication of her work. Up to this date, the New Orleans *Picayune* is, so far as we have seen, the only paper that, mentioning her, has not shown a disposition to give it Jezebel justice—hanging first, and trial afterward. All the other journals, so far as we know, are either silent in regard to the forthcoming volume, or else echo the senseless scoffs of the English literary snobs, adding various small sneers of their own, at a work of which they know nothing, since it has not yet appeared in this country. Of course we can well imagine by all this reckless and shameless judgment of a book which we have good reason to expect will be of great value, and which will certainly be of great interest, how fair and intelligent the judgment will be. But this is after the old, old fashion. The traditional, hide-bound, bigoted, dunder-headed, log-and-stork spirit of criticism which derided the philosophy of the illustrious Bacon, and covered that measureless mine of wisdom and learning with all the rubbish of ridicule and obloquy for at least fifty years, simply because Aristotle had written, and the stupid world believed, is still on the throne, ready to dispense the same fate to this learned and eloquent scholar—this American woman who comes with the result of a life of conscientious and devoted inquiry on her lips, telling us of a larger and sweeter meaning and merit in our favorite drama than we had dreamed lay hidden there, and asking only for a calm and candid hearing. Singular, that the verdict of the judges cannot wait for the presentation of the case, but must with raw haste deliver itself at the mere announcement on the docket!

Would that these eager gentlemen might agree to turn down their supercilious noses, uncurl their scornful lips, and humiliate themselves so far as to take a look into Bacon's *Novum Organum*—particularly into those portions which refer to the "idols" of the mind, and which direct the seeker after truth to carefully rid his intellect of all prejudices and preconceived notions, as a necessary preliminary to the search for the True. They might so far benefit by the instruction, as to learn that a respectful consideration of Miss Bacon's treatise, is the only method by which they can justly determine its value, to say nothing of the decisive hint they would be likely to obtain with reference to the fairness of condemning her work before giving it a perusal. If there is any one thing that ought to be the peculiar and overhanging disgrace of an American, it should be his petrification into an immutable and irrevocable decision on any subject. The glory of the American man—and above all, of the American scholar—ought to be in the measure of his capacity to consider nothing finally settled, and to cordially and fearlessly welcome and encourage the spirit of inquiry, knowing that truth is stronger and falsehood weaker, for every honest doubt, and that the search for truth is the priceless dignity and unthought grace of life. What is William Shakspeare to us that we should hail down sneers and scoffs on the person who sincerely doubts his hand in the works that bear his name, and is ready with the reasons? What must we fall in our duty to decency, and justice, and the primary idea of American letters,

as of American life—respect to the honest intellectual conviction, and a fair and courteous hearing even for the wildest vagary of opinion—because we believe William Shakspeare wrote the works on which his name appears? No, no. This may do for Great Britain, but it is false and foreign to the genius of the ideal America.

The latest jet of contempt sped, in advance, on Miss Bacon's theory relative to Shakspeare, has come from the *Tribune*. In the course of an article on the lack of reverence shown by the English Government to literature and literary men, an article, as we think, in some respects, very just and well-founded—occurs the following:—

"England, in regard to her national or political respect for letters and literary men, as such, is the incarnation of snobbery. Take her two most illustrious poets—Shakspeare and Burns—representatives of widely diverse epochs—and how do we find them treated? Of Shakspeare, personally and biographically, we know next to nothing. All that the industry, enthusiasm and wealth of antiquarian societies have been able to evoke respecting him, amounts to just this nothing. We do not know, except by one of his sonnets that he felt the pang of social degradation; but that he was socially degraded, can be affirmed by scientific induction. That his genius, the most wonderful which ever radiated, did not secure him the right to sit at the same table, as an equal, with the veriest hanger-on of the Court, is just as much a matter of history, by induction, as if we had the concurrent testimony of his co-laborers in literature, superadded to his own, under his hand and seal."

The law which made Shakspeare a vagabond, because he was connected with a play house, is hardly reformed. We know nothing of Shakspeare because literature was despised in England—rank rank being 'the thing.' Had Shakspeare been a noble, we should have had his biography; had he been a successful filibuster, he would have been 'exalted to the peerage.' But he dealt with the eternities, and of course the temperances, royalty and nobility, appreciated him not. He is a myth so much more than Miss Delia Bacon has produced one. Two—solid volumes to prove that Shakspeare was as Joseph Miller, who never made a joke nor had an idea, though all the jocular ideas of his time were attributed to him posthumously, and that Bacon, Raleigh, and other high priests of reason living at a time when a free divine utterance was a capital offense, wrote as an exoteric utterance of an esoteric faith, plays—the plays of Shakspeare, so called—to preach the Gospel. How extensively and elaborately dead, pulverized, triturated must be the personification of the great man, the poet of poets, when such a theory could be even ventured upon as that he was a mere link-boy, call-boy, property-man, loafer, literary clothes-bearer.

We need hardly say here again, that we are not the advocates of Miss Bacon's theory, not having yet read her book, and not being able to express any opinion regarding its soundness till we have read it. But we must say here that it is not to be shoved aside by any such reasoning as this. The primary assertion that the peculiarity of the English polity condemned Shakspeare, in common with all low-born literary men of his time, to an obscurity so profound that any absurd theory relative to him and "his belongings," has become safe and plausible, is utterly untrue in fact, and implies great unacquaintance with the character and conditions of English literary life during the Elizabethan, or any other, period. It never should be forgotten that although the contemporary tyranny suspected, feared, circumscribed and degraded the literary men of that epoch, there were plenty of people of every order and degree who knew how to value them, and whose love and interest kept their memories green.

If we know "next to nothing" in regard to Shakspeare, it is far, far more probable that it is because there is next to nothing to know, than because he was the son of a peasant, or that literature and literary men in his time were buried in obscurity. It is not because Shakspeare was not a noble, that we have no biography of him. For we have a biography enough of Ben Jonson, who was the son of a Hincranter peasant of humble birth, and whose mother took a brick-layer for her second husband. And we have a biography enough of Greene, Marlowe, Fletcher, Ford, Massinger, Dekker, Marston, Chapman, Lyly, Webster, Heywood, Burton, Spenser, and other contemporaries of his, none of whom were nobles, and nearly all of whom were of low social condition. If his personation is "extensively and elaborately dead, pulverized and triturated" by the circumstances of his birth, social position and profession, why is not the personation of all these contemporaries of his, whose condition in the social scale was similar to his own, also "dead, pulverized and triturated?" Why do we know so much regarding Shakspeare, if the effects of the English polity were disastrous to the memories of all? And how is it that we know only as much, if we know as much, about him, as we do of the "shirking life" of his fellow-players, Nashe and Peele? English literary men of low birth socially degraded and ignored? Why, even Alleen, the actor of that day, could rise so high in the scale of social rank, as to marry the daughter of the Dean of St. Paul's, Doctor Donne, and to have nobles and prelates as his guests at God's Gift College! Under that tyranny of Elizabeth and James—at once its offspring and its enemy—there was the sturdy and broadest moral democracy; the "gentle whippers and the breath of better things" that Bacon speaks of, were already in the air—the spirit of the freer hour was already working in the life of the epoch, preparing to burst forth in the solemn glories of Cromwell and the Commonwealth. Whatever the Government was, the society was in the process of a silent revolution, and a moral feeling pervaded it, that caused men to be virtually valued not for what they held, but for what they were. The Sir Walter Raleigh who could after the death of Elizabeth, propose to his fellows to take public affairs into their own hands, and form a Commonwealth, was not the man—albeit he was a "hanger on of the Court"—to refuse Shakspeare a place at his table as an equal, if Shakspeare was the man we have supposed him to be. And that there was frank and familiar intercourse between the literati and the nobility of that time, is recalled to our minds whenever we think of the Mermaid Club, and Selden, Camden, Bacon, Raleigh, Shakspeare, Southampton, Sidney, Spenser—all those nobles and scholars, commingled in gay and free communion.

If Miss Bacon's theory is to be confuted only on such premises as the *Tribune's* article assumes and implies, its chances at success are good, for those premises are not founded on the facts of history, biography or induction. The tournament is now, thank Heaven!—one of the vile, dead things of the Past. It took a good deal of preaching and execration to put down this brutal and bloody foppery. The church of that day often hurled its anathemas, and issued its decrees against these medieval prize-fights, and good and humane men of all grades and conditions, from the kings who forbade them to be held in their dominions on account of their fatal consequences, to the private scholars, ecclesiastics, and men "of low degree," who hated them for their degrading influence and inhumanity, wrought against them in various ways, for centuries, before they were finally abolished. Stubbornly they maintained their ground, however, and it was till DuGange could roll up a long list of palaces and nobles who lost their lives by these mad games, nor till many and many a wounded knight had dragged himself home from the lists to moan and toss through a long, miserable sickness, and then die painfully, or else survive to wear out a maimed and debilitated life, that they were done away with. Now they are gone, and though a deluding mist of memory and glory has been hung around their beauty by some romancers and historians who ought to have known better, yet this slowly dissolving, and will soon leave their relics all ugly and ghastly in the remembrance of the world. The number of weak and thoughtless people who, in this age of common sense, still think it must have been a fine thing to see men dressed in lustrous mail and splendid trappings, plunging into each other on horseback full tilt, with blunt spears, and hurling each other violently to the earth, or afterwards stabbing and hacking each other with daggers and axes—just for sport—is rapidly diminishing. Even the most ardent lovers of romance are beginning to find out that Sir Walter Scott's beautiful *Ivanhoe* is a beautiful lie—false at once to humanity and history—and that the glorious colors which he has thrown upon the pageant of the tournament, are colors thrown upon a pageant of hell. And the grave statements of such a historian as Mills find no better fate. For the philosophy of Bacon has been working slowly, and more, in the thoughts of thinking men, emancipating the nations from the instincts of barbarism to the "reason" of civilization, and we cannot now read the pages of such a scholar as Mills, without feeling that though he has his learning and eloquence, yet he lacks the humane spirit and purpose that can alone make learning and eloquence acceptable, and that (to use another's phrase) in the place where his heart ought to be, there is a hole.

But evil has all the shapes of Proteus, and Christendom having finally suppressed the bloody prize-fighting of the middle ages, seems now to have another task before her in the suppression of the prize-fighting of these latter days. If Geoffrey de Priuli, the feudal brute who first invented tournaments, had been promptly taken in hand at the outset, the popes and kings, and the ecclesiastics and humane persons of Europe, who afterwards strove so hard to get rid of the curse he inflicted upon society, might have been saved their time and labor, and society its losses. So, if Mr. Thomas Crib and Messrs. Jackson and Molinoux, and other sporting characters of George the Third's time, who first found out that a manly and highly desirable addition might be made to the circle of the exact sciences, by instructing brawny bullocks with enormous flexor and extensor muscles, to pound each other by a savage method with their fists, and who first instituted rings for this purpose in Tottenham-court, and other places in England—if these chivalrous gentlemen had been promptly attended to then, by the humanity and civilization of Britain, Britain might have been spared nearly a century of public bruising between the Nobby Ones and Game Chickens, the Tipton Slashers, and Fighting Fancies, the Canutes and Bendigoes, to say nothing of the promiscuous fighting of the coal-heavers and costermongers, constantly carried on everywhere, and the thorough brutalization of the lower classes of English society, effected very much in this way. But people rarely learn to rightly regard the day of small things. We neglect to abolish an evil while it is yet local and friendless, and presently it has become firmly established and strongly supported, and is beyond our power. It is Dr. Johnson's fable realized—we allow a dwarf to put a silken thread around our limbs, and presently the thread is changed into an iron chain, and the dwarf is a giant.

Probably, before our paper reaches our readers, the fleet telegraph will have told them that about four thousand people calling themselves Christians, lately assembled on the Canada side, to witness the disgusting spectacle of two other Christian people (for we suppose they would object to be called pagans), beating each other horribly in cool blood, with fists previously chemically causticated to the hardness of iron. One man beat the other blind, and in a fight of two hours, bruised and bloodied and blackened him in the most trifling manner, to the great delight of the assembled spectators, and to the great delectation of thousands of people who bought papers everywhere, and gorged their depraved appetites with the disgusting details. All this occurs in America. It is the beginning of yet another old European evil, transplanted to our shores, and already flourishing. Prize-fighting is becoming popularized here, and the surest signs of its success are seen in the facts that newspapers, hitherto esteemed respectable, are now publishing all the details of the various bruising matches, and that these reports are read with pleased avidity, and without protest, by a large class of the community.

The decent newspapers say severe things about this utterly dreadful brutality. But what is to be done about it? It is the general business of our law-makers to express the highest truths of human law and civilization in palatable and effectual statutory law. It is their special business in this relation to mould a law sufficiently comprehensive to cover all future transgressions of this kind, and sufficiently stringent to make its violation exceedingly undesirable. We hope they will attend to it. If this sort of thing is not effectually stopped now, it will become so entrenched by continuance, and the support of the depraved taste which it engenders and spreads through the circle of the public, that it will be too formidable and firmly established to be reached by law.

ANTIQUE AND MODERN BRUISEES

The tournament is now, thank Heaven!—one of the vile, dead things of the Past. It took a good deal of preaching and execration to put down this brutal and bloody foppery. The church of that day often hurled its anathemas, and issued its decrees against these medieval prize-fights, and good and humane men of all grades and conditions, from the kings who forbade them to be held in their dominions on account of their fatal consequences, to the private scholars, ecclesiastics, and men "of low degree," who hated them for their degrading influence and inhumanity, wrought against them in various ways, for centuries, before they were finally abolished. Stubbornly they maintained their ground, however, and it was till DuGange could roll up a long list of palaces and nobles who lost their lives by these mad games, nor till many and many a wounded knight had dragged himself home from the lists to moan and toss through a long, miserable sickness, and then die painfully, or else survive to wear out a maimed and debilitated life, that they were done away with. Now they are gone, and though a deluding mist of memory and glory has been hung around their beauty by some romancers and historians who ought to have known better, yet this slowly dissolving, and will soon leave their relics all ugly and ghastly in the remembrance of the world. The number of weak and thoughtless people who, in this age of common sense, still think it must have been a fine thing to see men dressed in lustrous mail and splendid trappings, plunging into each other on horseback full tilt, with blunt spears, and hurling each other violently to the earth, or afterwards stabbing and hacking each other with daggers and axes—just for sport—is rapidly diminishing. Even the most ardent lovers of romance are beginning to find out that Sir Walter Scott's beautiful *Ivanhoe* is a beautiful lie—false at once to humanity and history—and that the glorious colors which he has thrown upon the pageant of the tournament, are colors thrown upon a pageant of hell. And the grave statements of such a historian as Mills find no better fate. For the philosophy of Bacon has been working slowly, and more, in the thoughts of thinking men, emancipating the nations from the instincts of barbarism to the "reason" of civilization, and we cannot now read the pages of such a scholar as Mills, without feeling that though he has his learning and eloquence, yet he lacks the humane spirit and purpose that can alone make learning and eloquence acceptable, and that (to use another's phrase) in the place where his heart ought to be, there is a hole.

But evil has all the shapes of Proteus, and Christendom having finally suppressed the bloody prize-fighting of the middle ages, seems now to have another task before her in the suppression of the prize-fighting of these latter days. If Geoffrey de Priuli, the feudal brute who first invented tournaments, had been promptly taken in hand at the outset, the popes and kings, and the ecclesiastics and humane persons of Europe, who afterwards strove so hard to get rid of the curse he inflicted upon society, might have been saved their time and labor, and society its losses. So, if Mr. Thomas Crib and Messrs. Jackson and Molinoux, and other sporting characters of George the Third's time, who first found out that a manly and highly desirable addition might be made to the circle of the exact sciences, by instructing brawny bullocks with enormous flexor and extensor muscles, to pound each other by a savage method with their fists, and who first instituted rings for this purpose in Tottenham-court, and other places in England—if these chivalrous gentlemen had been promptly attended to then, by the humanity and civilization of Britain, Britain might have been spared nearly a century of public bruising between the Nobby Ones and Game Chickens, the Tipton Slashers, and Fighting Fancies, the Canutes and Bendigoes, to say nothing of the promiscuous fighting of the coal-heavers and costermongers, constantly carried on everywhere, and the thorough brutalization of the lower classes of English society, effected very much in this way. But people rarely learn to rightly regard the day of small things. We neglect to abolish an evil while it is yet local and friendless, and presently it has become firmly established and strongly supported, and is beyond our power. It is Dr. Johnson's fable realized—we allow a dwarf to put a silken thread around our limbs, and presently the thread is changed into an iron chain, and the dwarf is a giant.

Probably, before our paper reaches our readers, the fleet telegraph will have told them that about four thousand people calling themselves Christians, lately assembled on the Canada side, to witness the disgusting spectacle of two other Christian people (for we suppose they would object to be called pagans), beating each other horribly in cool blood, with fists previously chemically causticated to the hardness of iron. One man beat the other blind, and in a fight of two hours, bruised and bloodied and blackened him in the most trifling manner, to the great delight of the assembled spectators, and to the great delectation of thousands of people who bought papers everywhere, and gorged their depraved appetites with the disgusting details. All this occurs in America. It is the beginning of yet another old European evil, transplanted to our shores, and already flourishing. Prize-fighting is becoming popularized here, and the surest signs of its success are seen in the facts that newspapers, hitherto esteemed respectable, are now publishing all the details of the various bruising matches, and that these reports are read with pleased avidity, and without protest, by a large class of the community.

The decent newspapers say severe things about this utterly dreadful brutality. But what is to be done about it? It is the general business of our law-makers to express the highest truths of human law and civilization in palatable and effectual statutory law. It is their special business in this relation to mould a law sufficiently comprehensive to cover all future transgressions of this kind, and sufficiently stringent to make its violation exceedingly undesirable. We hope they will attend to it. If this sort of thing is not effectually stopped now, it will become so entrenched by continuance, and the support of the depraved taste which it engenders and spreads through the circle of the public, that it will be too formidable and firmly established to be reached by law.

Our disposition in this matter is not at all Pharisaical. We make no outcry against these prize-fighters as conscious rascals and sinners above all men. Probably they have their own notions about their brutal trade—are accustomed to think of it with esthetic and professional pride—regard it altogether as one of the finest of the Fine Arts—and are never at all troubled in conscience about it. But we who have better light than these ignorant persons, and who see clearly the inherent wrongfulness, and the debasing and depraving effect of these gladiatorial combats, are bound on our consciences to do our best to end them, now and forever, if we can.

THE CITY DANGER.

What we are coming to if the character of our great cities is not essentially changed, is a matter for the most serious consideration. Do Tocqueville, the French analyst of our government and society, who has been much berated and abused, though with very little reason, said many years ago, in his work on America, that he considered the size of our large cities, and the nature of their population, as a real danger which threatened the stability of the Republic. He even went so far as to predict that the Republic would perish unless the government created an armed force which while sufficiently small to remain under the control of the majority of the nation, would be large enough to repress the excesses of the population of the towns. Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the general justice of the French philosopher's apprehensions, than the riotous and turbulent condition of several of our cities this summer. New York in particular seems to be the focus of the metropolitan lawlessness. Every day the tulleins gain ground, and in that city they are now so formidable as to influence and partially control the government. What they may do in future, is a consideration which must give every good citizen cause for the deepest anxiety. Our United States troops are continually engaged in watching the western Indians, but here in our midst we have tribes of savages which, in sober truth, need watching as much as any savages that ever ran wild on the prairies. It is really not a flourish of words to speak of these people as savages. They are literally heathen in spirit, and savage in habit. In appearance they are truculent and brutal; in costume strange and bizarre; in manners violent, coarse, and rude. Their homes and habits are dirty, their mouths are full of tobacco, and their stomachs of adulterated brandy and unwholesome food. Their speech is slang and oaths, and is almost unintelligible to persons accustomed to hear only simple English. They are lewd, intemperate, gluttonous, thievish, murderous,—the prey of the low appetites, the vile propensities, and the bad passions. To a person who looks at things, and not names, they are as truly savages as if they had red skins, wore moccasins and breeches, and were a thousand miles away on the prairies. That nothing should be wanting to complete their resemblance to the genuine barbarian, they are organized into tribes with such names as "Dead Rabbits," "Foxy Uglies," "Killers," "Skinners," "Plug Uglies," etc. And under these names they war upon each other, and upon society.

Can anything be done for these poor people? It is no more their fault that they are degraded, lawless and wicked, than it is the fault of the heathen whom we send missionaries to elevate and redeem. If not for Christian love and

HOW TO MAKE YOUR CHILDREN UNHEALTHY.

In laying a foundation of ill health, it is a great point to be able to begin at the beginning. You have the future man at excellent advantage when he is between your fingers as a baby. One of Hoffman's heroines, a clever housewife, discarded and abhorred her lover from the moment of his cutting a yeast dumpling. There are some little enormities of that kind which really cannot be forgiven, and one such is to miss the opportunity of physic-ing a baby. Now I will tell you how to treat the young paleface at his first entrance into life.

A little while before the birth of any child, have a little something ready in a spoon; and, after birth, be ready at the first opportunity to thrust this down his throat. Let his first gift from his fellow-creatures be a dose of physic—honey and calomel, or something of that kind; but you had better ask the nurse for a prescription. Have ready also, before birth, an abundant stock of pins, which is a great point in putting the first dress upon the little naked body, to contrive that it shall contain as many pins as possible. The prick of a pin is excellent for making children cry; and since it may lead nurses, mothers, now and then even doctors, to administer physic for the cure of imaginary gripings in the bowels, it may be twice blessed. Sanitary enthusiasts are apt to say that strings, not pins, are the right fastenings for infants' clothes. Be not misled. Is not the pincushion an ancient institution?—What is to say "Welcome, little stranger," if pins cease to do so? Resist this innovation. It is the small end of the wedge. The next thing that a child would do, if let alone, would be to sleep. I would not suffer that. The poor thing must want feeding; therefore waken it and make it eat a sop, for that will be a pleasant joke at the expense of nature. It will be like wakening a gentleman after midnight to put into his mouth some pickled herring; only the baby cannot thank you for your kindness as the gentleman might do.

This is a golden rule concerning babies; to procure sickly growth, let the child always suckle. Attempt no regularity in nursing. It is true that if an infant be fed at the breast every four hours, it will fall into the habit of desiring food only so often, and will sleep very tranquilly during the interval. This will save trouble, but it is a device for rearing healthy children; we discard it. Our infants shall be nursed in no new-fangled way. As for the child's crying, quiet costs eighteen pence a bottle, so that argument is very soon disposed of.

Never be without a flask of Godfrey's Cordial, or Duffy, in the nursery; but the fact is, that you ought to keep a medicine chest. A good deal of curious information may be obtained by watching the effects of various medicines upon your children.

Never be guided by the child's teeth in weaning it. Wean it before the first teeth are cut, not after they have learned to bite. Wean all at once, with bitter aloes, or some similar device; and change the diet suddenly. It is a foolish thing to ask a medical attendant how to regulate the food of children; he is sure to be overrun with bookish prejudices; but nurses are practical women, who understand thoroughly matters of this kind.

Do not use a cot for infants, or presume beyond the time-honored institution of the cradle. Active rocking sends a child to sleep by causing giddiness. Giddiness is a disturbance of the blood's usual way of circulation; obviously, therefore, it is a thing to aim at in our nurseries. For elder children, swinging is an excellent amusement, if they become giddy on the swing.

In your nursery, a maid and two or three children may conveniently be quartered for the night, by all means carefully secured from draughts. Never omit to use at night a chimney board. The nursery window ought not to be much opened; and the door should be kept always shut, in order that the clamor of the children may not annoy others in your house.

When the children walk out for an airing, of course they are to be little ladies and gentlemen. They are not to scamper to and fro; a little gentle amble with a hoop ought to be their severest exercise. In sending them to walk abroad, it is a good thing to let their legs be bare. The gentleman papa, probably, would find bare legs rather odd walking in the streets; but the gentleman son, of course, has quite another constitution. Besides, how can a boy, not predisposed that way, hope to grow up consumptive, if some pains are not taken with him in his childhood?

It is said that of old time children in the Balearic Islands were not allowed to eat their dinner until, by adroitness in the shooting of stones out of a sling, they had dislodged it from a rafter in the house. Children in other places should be better treated. Let them not only have their meals unfilled, but let them be at all other times tempted and bribed to eat. Cakes and sweetmeats of alluring shape and color, fruits and palatable messes, should, without any regularity, be added to the diet of a child. The stomach, we know, requires three or four hours to digest a meal, expects a moderate routine of tasks, and between each task looks for a little period of rest. Now, as we hope to create a weak digestion, what is more obvious than that we must use artifice to circumvent the stomach? In one hour we must consume it unexpectedly with a dose of fruit and sugar; then, if the regular dinner have been taken, astonish the digestion, while at work upon it, with the appearance of an extra lump of cake, and presently some gooseberries. In this way we soon triumph over nature, who, to speak the truth, does not permit to us an easy victory, and does try to accommodate her working to our whims. We triumph, and obtain our reward in children pale and polite, children with appetites already formed, that will become our good allies against their health in after life.

Principles oblige. Let us subdue mere Nature at her first start, and make her civilized in her beginnings. Let us wipe the rose tint out of the child's cheek, in good hope that the man will not be able to recover it. White, yellow, and purple—let us make them to be his future tri-color.—*Harriet Martineau.*

The henpecked husband would be happy enough if he were only left alone. But he generally has some kind friend who is perpetually urging him "not to stand it."



A LOOK INTO THE HAREM.

Our picture is not founded upon the traditional conception of the interior of a Turkish lady's apartment, but is a veritable view—sketched on the spot from the reality,

and minutely correct in every particular. Our readers will find amusement and perhaps "food for thought" in contrasting these sensuous attitudes and picturesque costumes,

and this lulled and reposeful interior, with the busy scenes and figures of a Saxon home. The difference between the East and the West, will be seen to be striking.

"THE OLD, OLD STORY."

Summer moonbeams softly playing,
Light the woods of Castle Keep;
And there I see a maiden straying,
Where the darkest shadows creep.
She is listening—meekly, purely,
To the wooer at her side;
'Tis the "old, old story," surely,
Running on like time and tide.
Maiden fair, oh! have a care;
Vows are many—truth is rare.

He is courtly, she is simple;
Lordly doublet speaks his lot;
She is wearing hood and wimple—
His the castle, her's the cot.
Sweeter far she deems his whisper
Than the night bird's dulcet thrill;
She is smiling, he is beguiling—
'Tis the "old, old story," still.
Maiden fair, oh! have a care;
Vows are many—truth is rare.

The autumn sun is quickly going,
Behind the woods of Castle Keep;
The air is chill, the night wind blowing,
And there I see a maiden weep.
Her cheeks are white—her brow is aching—
'Tis the "old, old story," sad and brief;
Of heart betrayed, and left, high breaking,
In mute despair and lonely grief.
Maiden fair, oh! have a care;
Vows are many—truth is rare.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Many of the dresses now in course of preparation are intended for the country. One just completed is of pearl gray silk, having flounces edged with stripes in blue and rose-color. This dress, which is intended for a negligee dinner or evening costume in the country, has a high corsage ornamented with a berthe, bordered, like the flounces, with blue and rose-color stripes. The sleeves are formed, at the upper part, of two small puffs, from which descends a wide, loose fall, drooping very low at the outside of the arm; they are figured at the edge with blue and rose-color. A collar and under-sleeves of lace complete the dress; and bouquets of geranium blossom, intermingled with foliage, have been selected to ornament the hair.

A dress adapted for the same occasion as the one just described, and also destined for the country, consists of pale slate color silk, figured with small horizontal stripes, or lines, in pink. This dress is made with two skirts. The under skirt is trimmed at a short distance from the edge with a narrow ruche of pink ribbon, disposed horizontally; two ruches of the same ribbon pass up each side longitudinally. The upper skirt is open at the sides, and is edged round with two ruches of pink ribbon, similar to those on the under skirt. The corsage, which is high, and ornamented with a berthe trimmed with ruches, is closed in front with bows of pink ribbon. The sleeves are wide and loose; they are slit up their whole length at the front part of the arm, and edged round with a ruche. The under-sleeves are of worked muslin, formed of three puffs, and finished at the wrist by a small ruffle. Collar of worked muslin. Small bouquets of roses will be worn in the hair.

A dress of plain white muslin has been made in the following manner: It has two skirts; the under one is trimmed with two deep flounces, each surmounted by a bouillonne, through which a ribbon is passed, and edged with a fluted ruffle. The upper skirt consists of a small tunic open in front, and edged with a fluted ruffle surmounted with a bouillonne. Two corsages have been made for this dress; the one high and the other low. Both are ornamented with a fichu. The sleeves are trimmed with frills of muslin.

Basques of black lace have, this summer, been adopted with silk dresses. Many of the basques worn by young ladies, instead of being composed of lace, consist of black, spotted, or embroidered tulle, trimmed with a row of velvet about an inch wide. Basques of black silk are frequently made without trimming.

The new fan-parasol, or parasol converted into a fan, is now made in greater variety than heretofore. Some of the fan-parasols which have most recently appeared are very ornamental, and others are quite plain. They are embroidered with beads, trimmed with frills of Honiton, or muslin or Mechlin lace, or they are composed simply of chequered silk, trimmed with frills and a bow of ribbon.

Bonnets of colored and fancy straw continue to enjoy a considerable share of favor. According to the style in which they are trimmed, bonnets composed of fancy straw may be worn either in a superior or a negligible style of outdoor dress; but for negligence, those of colored straw are the most fashionable.—*London Lady's Paper, July 11th.*

A NEW POET.

"The Disbanding Volunteer," a correspondent of the N. Y. Sunday Times, has been to Niagara, and has been requested to write some poetry on the chief places of interest there on the St. Lawrence. He complies and sends the following:—

TO THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NIAGARA RIVER.

Anonymous structure! What, I'd like to know,
Did the constructors stand as blithely rude
Rite thro' the air? Say, gentle mews,
Wot they'd be holden on? But, alas!
The mews see nothing. Oh! Jerusalem,
Wot boyed em up? I'mad! I'mad! in shins, fished,
Kant get the hang of it! I hev it now!

ON LAKE ONTARIO.

Green are thy waters, green as bottle glass,
Behold em stretched that far;
Fine Muskhogones and Oswego bass
Is chiefly ketch'd there.
Wanst the red Indians that tack their delights,
Fish, fit and bled;
Now most of the inhabitants is whiter,
With hary red.

POETICAL REFLECTIONS ON PASSING THRO' THE THOUSAND ISLES.

Oh, what a fairy scene! It peeps to me
As of the stream, as far as eye ken see,
Hed with a shower of islands redly made
Ben librally peppered. I'me afraid
They're trobbled with musketeers, otherwise
To take the stiffen out of Yancy's wing,
Is of real plenty, when the weather's hot,
And makes you aware, wetch I had rayther not,
Stingin a feller blinder than a bat,
And his hed swellin bigger'n his hat!
Well, iver is life; that's allus sum darned thing
To take the stiffen out of Yancy's wing,
And that wetch seems romantical af
Proves, when you're near it, rayther below par!

ON THE LASHEN RAPIDS.

Rushin on with uncommon force,
Faster by chocks than a quarter horse;
Steppin at more'n a racer's speed,
Troo the wust-looking channel I ever seed,
Atween rocks wot it seemed that we must be pinned,
To take the stiffen out of Yancy's wing,
W hat a glorjus pictur it is, no doubt,
But it's after you're thro' that you find it out;
For as we sheered thro' the hissen foam,
I'd hev given a V to hev ben in home.

A CLEAR EXPLANATION.—O'Connell was wont to tell a story of the mode in which a country friar had, in 1813, announced a meeting on the Veto:

"Now, ma boughali," said the friar, "you haven't got gumption, and should therefore be guided by them that have. This meeting is all about the veto, d'ye see. And now, as none of ye know what the veto is, I'll just make it all as clear as a whistle to yez. The veto, yee see, is a Latin word, ma boughali, and non of yez understands Latin. But I will let you know all the ins and outs of it, boys, if you'll only just listen to me now. The veto is a thing that—You see, boys, the veto is a thing that—that the meeting on Monday is to be held about." (Here there were cheers and cries of "hear! hear!") "The veto is a thing that—in short, boys, it's a thing that has puzzled wiser people than any of yez! In short, boys, as none of yez are able to comprehend the veto, I needn't take up more of your time about it now; but I'll give you this piece of advice, boys: just go to the meeting, and listen to Counsellor O'Connell, and just do whatever he bids yez, boys!"

A BAD CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—"The poet, Campbell," says Dr. Beattie, "went to Paisley races, got prodigiously interested in the first race, and betted on the success of one horse to the amount of fifty pounds with Professor Wilson. At the end of the race he thought he had lost the bet, and said to Wilson, 'I owe you fifty pounds; but really, when I reflect that you are a professor of moral philosophy, and that betting is a sort of gambling only fit for blacklegs, I cannot bring my conscience to pay the bet.'"

"Oh," said Wilson, "I very much approve your principles, and mean to act upon them. In point of fact, Yellow Cap, on whom you betted, has won the race; and but for your conscience, I ought to pay you the fifty pounds; but you will excuse me."

OUT OF THE BOTTLE.

BY W. O. STODDARD.

You all remember the old eastern story,
How on a time an Arab fisher hovey,
Casting his dill nets 'neath a sheltered lee,
Drew up a bottle sealed, and strange to see.

Thinking it but an ordinary bottle,
He straightway went to work and drew the stopple,
And was astounded, when the seal he broke,
To see a spirit rushing up like smoke.

The luckless man, that sort of thing much fearing,
And furthermore so ne' woful threatenings hearing,
Seduced him back to his old place, and then,
Quick as he might, he corked him up again.

Much like this Arab are the men who, casting
Their feeble nets upon the everlasting
Waters of life, bring up, instead of fish,
Some strange, odd thing, shut in some uncouth dish.

Not having seen the like before, but thinking
It may be something good for food or drinking,
They take the cover off, so strangely wrought,
And, innocent themselves, set free a fiend.

In vain they gaze around, amazed and frightened,
At the huge shape whose fetters they have lightened,
For here does likeness to the Arab cease,
The thought as thankless is for his release.

But he will not re-enter the old bottle,
Nor come again beneath their leaden stopple,
They cannot cast him back into the sea—
Free is the thought, though fools have set him free.

FATHER BERNARDO ON COLD WATER.

About the middle of the seventeenth century there lived Father Bernardo, a disciple of St. Francis, and a Sicilian Capuchin monk. By the aid of ice and cold water he performed, in the island of Malta, what were termed miraculous cures. His patients were sometimes made to drink to the amount of twelve to sixteen quarts a day; cold clysters were also used copiously, cold fomentations, and the body was rubbed over with ice. He attended more to the quantity than the kind of the application, and aimed chiefly to produce crisis by the skin, kidneys, and bowels. Father Bernardo kept his patients almost without food, from one to two months, and pursued his treatment as well in winter as in summer. He gained the credit of curing the Grand Prior Ferretti, aged 92, when he was supposed to be at the very point of death, by giving him largely of iced water to drink. It is stated that he was remarkably successful in his treatment, and that none of his patients perished either from starvation or otherwise. Thus by means of ice, cold water, and fasting, this man performed a great number of most wonderful cures, and that often in cases where physicians themselves had failed; and in consequence of the simplicity of the remedy and the success of his practice, he received the name—and one of no great dignity—of *Water-Doctor*.

A GAMBLING DODGE.—A Parisian medical man was sent for the other day to see a patient who was in bed. Having prescribed, he promised to call on the following evening. He did so, and in the sick man's room found several other persons sitting at a table playing cards, as they said, to amuse their invalid friend. The table was covered with gold. "I am much better this evening, doctor," said the pretended sick man, and after some few other remarks, added, "You have a lucky countenance, doctor; I wish you would play a few games for me." "With all my heart," replied the doctor, and on the patient giving him ten Napoleons, he seated himself at table, and in a short time won one hundred Napoleons, which he handed over to his patient, saying that he had several times thought of proposing to go halves with him. "Nothing would have given me greater pleasure," replied the other; "but what is deferred is not lost—do me the pleasure to come at the same hour to-morrow evening, and you shall meet the same party." The doctor did so, and for two or three successive nights, and after being allowed at first to win, was ultimately a loser of 25,000. On the fourth night he returned, hoping to retrieve his losses, when he found the bird flown, the apartment having only been taken for a week.

THEODORE HOOK'S WIT.—Hook's favorite exhibition, at supper-parties and other festive gatherings, was to sing an extempore song, in which he contrived to bring in the name of every person present. I was at one of these parties in Westminster, when Mr. Rosenagen, of the Foreign Office, was one of the company, and his name was no sooner announced than there was a general buzz throughout the room that this would prove a poser for our improvising friend. It chanced, however, that in the course of the evening Mr. Rosenagen was missing, and it was supposed he had gone home. The rest of the party were quite disappointed that Hook should thus escape from his dilemma, and some insinuated that he had been telling Rosenagen some astounding yarn to curdle his German blood and frighten him from the premises. But, no such thing. In the middle of the song he walked Mr. Rosenagen, and quietly took his seat, whereupon Hook, without a moment's embarrassment, proceeded in these words:

"I was really afraid we had lost our good friend Rosenagen.
But here he comes, I see, in the nick of time to poke his nose in again."

—Correspondent Athenaeum.

THE PASSION FLOWER.

The following interpretation of this justly-celebrated and much-admired flower will not be found uninteresting. The leaves resemble the spear that pierced our Saviour's side; the tendrils—the cords that bound his hands, or the whips that scourged him; the ten petals—the apostles, Judas having betrayed, and Peter deserted; the pillars in the centre—the cross or tree; the stamens—the hammer; the style; the nails; the inner circle around the centre pillar—the crown of thorns; the radiance—the glory; the white in the flower—the emblem of purity; and the blue—the type of Heaven. On one species, the pasiflora altar, even drops of blood are seen upon the cross or tree. This flower continues three days open, and then disappears, thus denoting the resurrection.

Mr. President, I rise to get up, and am not backward to come forward in the cause of education; for had it not been for education I would be as ignorant as you are, Mr. President. So said an eloquent advocate of popular education at a public meeting in the town of _____.

A SELFISH HUSBAND WELL SERVED.—Lord Ellenborough was once about to go on the circuit, when Lady Ellenborough said that she should like to accompany him. He replied that he had no objection, provided she did not encumber the carriage with handboxes, which was his utter abhorrence. During the first day's journey, Lord Ellenborough happening to stretch his legs, struck his foot against something below the seat. He discovered that it was a handbox. Up went the window and out went the handbox. The coachman stopped, and the footman thinking that the handbox had tumbled out of the window by some extraordinary chance, were going to pick it up, when Lord Ellenborough hastily called out, "drive on!" The handbox was a cording left by the ditch side. Having reached the county town where he was to officiate as judge, Lord Ellenborough proceeded to array himself for his appearance in the Court House. "Now," said he, "where's my wig—where is my wig?" "My Lord," replied his attendant, "it was thrown out of the carriage window."

THE BEST OF GOOD ADVICE.—Avoid all hostings and exaggerations, back-biting, abuse, and evil speaking; sling phrases and oaths in conversation; provide no man's qualities, and accept hospitalities of the humblest kind in an hearty and appreciative manner; avoid giving offence, and if you do offend, have the manliness to apologise; infuse as much elegance as possible into your thoughts as well as your actions; and as you avoid vulgarities you will increase the enjoyment of life, and grow in the respect of others.—*Blunders in Behavior Corrected.*

GRATTAN'S VENERATION FOR OLD TREES.—He loved old trees, and used to say: "Never cut down a tree for fashion sake. The tree has its roots in the earth, which the fashion has not." A favorite old tree stood near the house at Tinnelich. A friend of Grattan's, thinking it obstructed the view, recommended him to cut it down. "Why so?" said Grattan. "Because it stands in the way of the house," Grattan—"You mistake; it is the house that stands in the way of it, and if either comes down, let it be the house."—*Curran's Sketches of the Irish Bar.*

TOBACCO POISON.—The French poet Sautuill was killed by a little snuff being thrown into his wine-glass at the Prince of Condé's table. Boacomo, of Belgium, was murdered in two minutes and a half by a little nicotine, or alkali of tobacco. Dr. Twitchell believes that sudden deaths and tobacco are found together, and he sustains this opinion by an array of facts altogether conclusive. I can give the names of scores of men, who were found dead in their beds, or fell dead in the streets or elsewhere, who had been the victims of this poison.

To reject the evidence of prophecy till all divines shall agree exactly about it, argues a conduct as wise in the infidels, as if they should decline sitting down to a good dinner, till all the clocks in London and Westminster struck four together!—*Bishop Horne.*

Useful Receipts.

LEMON JUICE IN DROPS.—Lemons are recommended for drops in a Russian medical journal, and are said to be beneficial in the most hopeless cases. The first day one lemon was given, after taking the peel off, and cutting it up into small pieces in sugar; the two following days three were given, and afterwards eighteen every day. For nourishment, meat was given. In every case the water came off on the seventh day.

HOW TO EXTINGUISH A FIRE IN A CHIMNEY.—So many serious fires have been caused by chimneys catching fire, and not being quickly extinguished, that the following method of doing this should be made as generally known as possible: Throw some powdered brimstone on the fire in the grate, or ignite some on the hob, and then put a board or something in the front of the fireplace, to prevent the flames descending into the room. The vapor of the brimstone ascending the chimney, will then effectually extinguish the soot on fire.

TO KEEP FLOWERS.—To preserve flowers in water, mix a little carbonate of soda in it, and it will keep them a fortnight.

TANSEY FOR PEACH TREES.—A few years ago I experimented with planting a row of tansey with some young peach trees, as a preventive of the worm at the root, which I thought had a good effect. Nearly all the trees were blown up by the roots during the storm we had four years ago, but one or two were left, which continue flourishing. The tansey grows round the tree, and seems to act as a mulching.—*Cor. Ohio Cultivator.*

POTATO YEAST.—Cook and mash ten peeled potatoes, pour on a quart of boiling water and stir well, and add a coffee-cup of sugar; let this stand a few minutes; pour in a quart of cold water, wanting a gill, and when lukewarm stir in a pint of yeast, and set in a moderately warm place to rise. When well fermented, put into a stone jug, cork tightly, and tie the cork down and keep it in a cool place. After the first rising keep enough of this yeast for the second batch. A teacup of this yeast is sufficient for two large loaves of bread; most excellent it is for muffins and griddle cakes also. There is no need of hops or rye in it, and in my opinion it is the best yeast I have ever tried, and I have experimented in all known receipts.—*Amos.*

TO DESTROY GRUBS IN THE HEAD OF SHEEP.—Make a hole in a standing board, 24 inches from the ground, and large enough to let a sheep's nose through up to the eyes. Let one man hold the sheep in this position, and another with a syringe throw up each nostril of the sheep a slush of yellow snail and water, strong enough to make them sneeze, and they will thus throw out the eggs of the fly that are deposited in July and August.—*Cor. Ohio Cultivator.*

"SEED TICKS" ON HORSES AND CATTLE.—The best remedy for the tick is to wash the parts affected with strong soap-suds, and then rub well with sweet oil of Hog's lard. Spirits of hartshorn (aqua ammoniac) 2 ounces; sweet oil, 2 ounces; shake well and sponge the horses with it before riding through "the brush," and they will not take hold.—*Correspondent Country Gentleman.*

LINES TO A MOTHER.

Then weep, childless mother;
Ay, weep, 'twill ease thine heart:
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thine only one:
'Tis hard from him to part!

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp, cold earth,
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladdened with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber,
His small mouth's rosy kiss;
Then wakened with a start,
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half-conscious why)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till memory on thy soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate!

And then to lie and weep,
And think the live-long night
(Feeling thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
Of every past delight.

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty, playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections
Round mother's hearts that cling;
That mingle with the tears
And smile of after years,
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond mother!
In after years look back,
(Time brings such wondrous easing)
With sadness not unpleasing,
E'en on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say: "My first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart,
When thou wert forced to go:
And yet for thee, I know
'Tis better to depart."

"God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb, unblemished, untied;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified."

"I look around and see
The evil ways of men:
Am I, beloved child?
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then."

"The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that pressed,
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore
I lulled thee on my breast!"

THE WAR-TRAIL:
A ROMANCE OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO
(CONCLUDED.)

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SPEECHES IN COUNCIL.

"Hietans!" began the chief, for such in reality was the old Indian, "my children, and brothers in council! I appeal to you to stay judgment in this matter; I am your chief but I claim no consideration for that; Wakono is my son, but for him I ask no favor; I demand only justice and right—such as would be given to the humblest in our tribe; I ask no more for my son Wakono. Wakono is a brave warrior; who among you does not know it? His shield is garnished with many trophies taken from the hated pale-face, his leggings are fringed with scalp of the Utah and Cheyenne; at his heels drag the long locks of the Pawnee and Arapaho. Who will deny that Wakono—my son Wakono—is a brave warrior?"

(Murmur of assent was the response to this appeal.)

The Spanish wolf, too, is a warrior—a brave warrior; I deny it not. He is stout of heart, and strong of arm; he has taken many scalps from the enemies of the Hietan; I honor him for his achievements; who among us does not?"

A general chorus or grunts and other ejaculations from both council and spectators responded to this interrogatory. The response, both in tone and manner, was strongly in the affirmative; and I could tell by this that the renegade was the favorite.

The old chief also perceived that such was the prevailing sentiment, and, despite his pretensions to fair-play, he was evidently nettled at the reply. The father of Wakono was undoubtedly no Brutus.

After a momentary pause, he resumed speech, but in a tone entirely altered. He was now painting the reverse side of Hissoro-roy's portrait, and as he threw in the darker touches, it was with evident pique and hostility.

"I honor the Spanish wolf," he continued; "I honor him for his strong arm and his stout heart; I have said so; but hear me, Hietans—hear me, children and brothers! there are two of every kind—there is a night and a day—a winter and a summer—a green prairie and a desert plain, and like these is the tongue of Hissoro-roy. It speaks two ways that differ as light from the darkness—it is double—it is not to be believed."

The chief ceased speaking, and the Spanish wolf was permitted to make reply. He did not attempt to defend himself from the charge of the "double tongue;" perhaps he knew that the accusation was just enough, and he had no reason to tremble for his popularity on that score. He must have been a great liar, indeed, to have excelled or even equaled the most ordinary story-teller in the Comanche nation; for the mendacity of these Indians would have been a match for Sparta herself.

The renegade did not even deny the aspersions; he seemed to be confident in his case; he simply replied:

"If the tongue of Hissoro-roy is double, let not the council rely upon his words; let witnesses be called; there are many who are ready to testify to the truth of what Hissoro-roy has spoken."

"First, hear Wakono! Let Wakono be heard! Where is Wakono?"

These demands were made by various members of the council, who spoke almost simultaneously.

Once more the crier's voice was heard calling "Wakono!"

"Brothers!" again spoke the chief; "it is for this I would stay your judgment. My son is not here; he went back upon the trail, and has not returned. I know not his purpose. My heart is in doubt—but not in fear. Wakono is a strong warrior, and can take care of himself. He will not be long absent; he must soon return. For this I ask you to delay the judgment."

A murmur of disapprobation followed this avowal. The allies of the Spanish wolf evidently mustered stronger than the friends of the young chief.

The renegade once more addressed the council.

"What trifling would this be, warriors of the Hietan? Two suns have gone down, and this question is not decided! I ask only justice—By our laws, the judgment cannot stand over."

The captives must belong to some one. I claim them as mine, and I offer witnesses to prove my right. Wakono has no claim, else why is he not here to avow it. He has no proofs but his own word; he is ashamed to stand before you without proof—that is why he is now absent from the camp."

"Wakono is not absent," cried a voice from among the bystanders; "he is in the camp!"

This announcement produced a sensation, and I could perceive that the old chief parted equally with the others of the surprise thus created.

"Who says Wakono is in the camp?" inquired he, in a loud voice.

An Indian stepped forth from the crowd of spectators. I recognized the man whom I had met crossing from the horse-guard.

"Wakono is in the camp," repeated he, as he paused outside the circle. "I saw the young chief; I spoke with him."

"When?"

"Only now."

"Where?"

The man pointed to the scene of our accidental rencontre.

"He was going yonder," said he; "he went among the trees—I saw him no more."

This intelligence evidently increased the astonishment of all. They could not comprehend why Wakono should be upon the ground, and yet not come forward to assert his claim. Had he abandoned it altogether?

The father of the claimant appeared as much puzzled as any one; he made no attempt to explain the absence of his son; he could not; he stood silent, and evidently in a state of mystification.

Several now suggested that a search be made for the absent warrior. It was proposed to send messengers throughout the camp—to search the grove.

My blood ran cold as I listened to the proposal; my knees trembled beneath me. I knew that if the grove was to be searched, I should have no chance of remaining longer concealed. The dress of Wakono was conspicuous; I saw that there was none other like it; no other wore a robe of jaguar-skins, and this would betray me. Even the paint would not avail; I should be led into the firelight; the counterfeit would be detected. I should be butchered upon the spot—perhaps tortured for the treatment we had given the true Wakono, which would soon become known.

My apprehensions had reached the climax of agonies, when they were suddenly relieved by some words from the Spanish wolf.

"Why search for Wakono?" cried he; "Wakono knows his own name; it has been called, and loud enough. Wakono has ears—surely he can hear for himself, if he be in the camp. Call him again if you will!"

This proposition appeared reasonable. It was adopted, and the crier once more summoned the young chief by name.

The voice, as all perceived, could have been heard to the furthest bounds of the camp, and far beyond.

An interval was allowed, during which there reigned perfect silence, every one bending his ears to listen. There came no answer—no Wakono appeared to the summons.

"Now," triumphantly exclaimed the renegade, "is it not as I have said? Warriors! I demand your judgment."

There was no immediate reply. A long pause followed, during which no one spoke, either in the circle or among the spectators.

At length the oldest of the council rose, relit the calumet, and, after taking a whiff from the tube, handed it to the Indian seated on his left. This one, in like manner, passed it to the next, and he to the next, until the pipe had made the circuit of the fire, and was returned to the old warrior who had first smoked from it. The latter now laid aside the pipe, and in a formal manner, but in a voice inaudible to the spectators, proposed the question. The vote was taken in rotation, and was also delivered *sotto voce*. The judgment only was pronounced aloud.

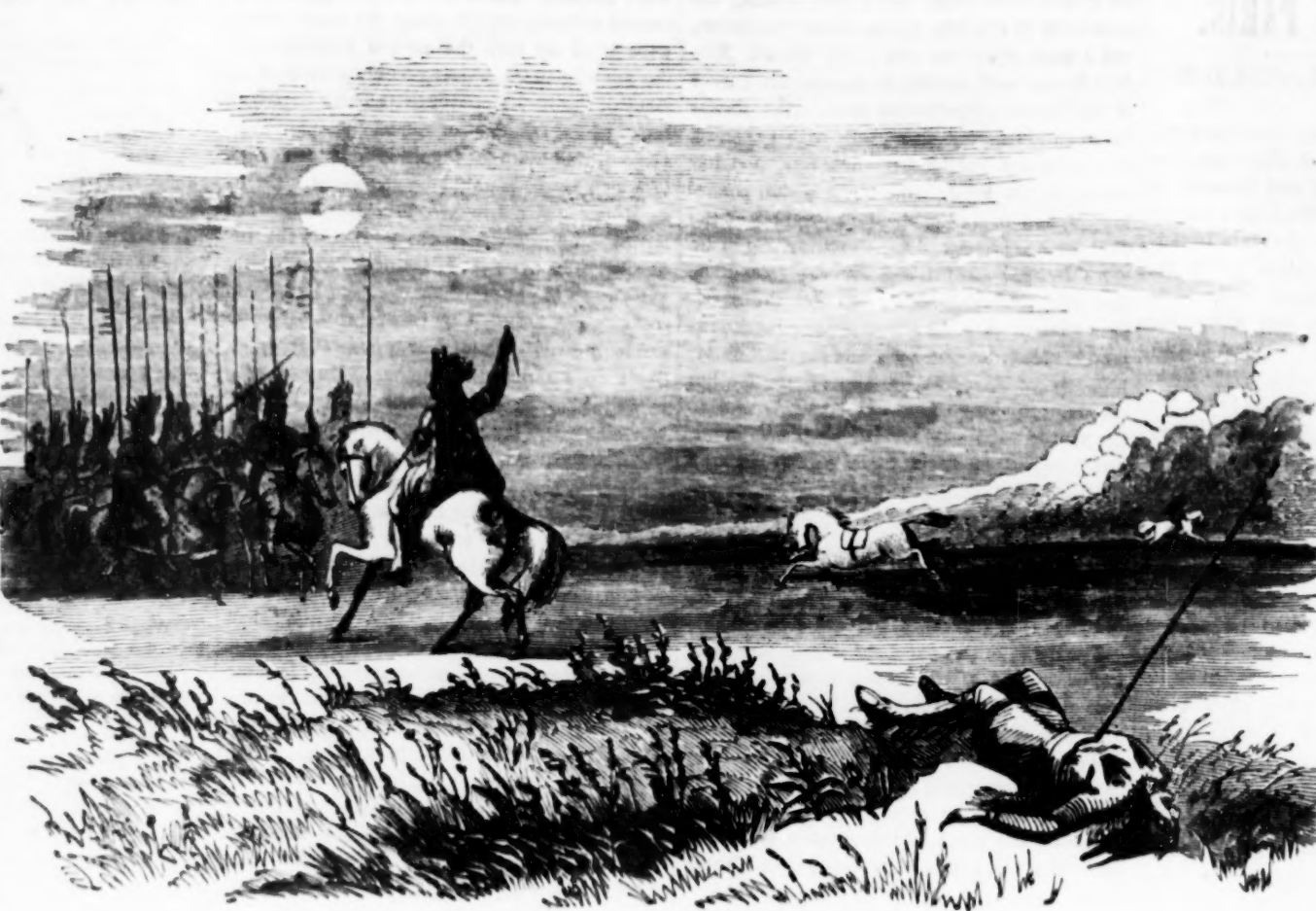
The decision was singular, and somewhat unexpected. The jury had been moved by a strong leaning towards equity, and an amicable adjustment that might prove acceptable to all parties.

The horse was adjudged to Wakono—the maiden was declared the property of the Spanish wolf!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A ROUGH COURTESY.

The decision appeared to give satisfaction to all. A grim smile upon his face testified that the renegade himself was pleased. How could he be otherwise? He had certainly the best of the suit, for what was a beautiful horse to a beautiful woman, and such a woman?



"I AM WAKONO! DEATH TO HIM WHO FOLLOWS!"

Even the white-haired chief seemed satisfied. Perhaps, of the two, the old savage jockey preferred the horse? It might have been different had Wakono been upon the ground. I was much mistaken if he would so tamely have acquiesced in the decision.

Yes, the renegade was satisfied—more than that, he was rejoiced. His bearing bespoke his consciousness of the possession of a rare and much-coveted thing. He was unable to conceal the gratification he felt; and with an air of triumph and exultation, he approached the spot where the captive sat.

As soon as the sentence was pronounced, the Indians who had been seated rose to their feet. The council was dismissed. Some of the members strolled off on their own business; others remained by the great fire, mixing among their comrades, no longer with the solemn gravity of councillors, but chatting, laughing, shouting, and gesticulating as glibly and gaily as if they had been so many French dancing-masters.

The trial and its objects appeared to be at once forgotten; neither plaintiff, defendant, nor cause, seemed any longer to occupy the thoughts of any one. The horse had been delivered to a friend of Wakono—the maiden to Hissoro-roy—and the thing was settled and over.

Perhaps, here and there, some young brave, with a pain in his heart, may have bent wistful glances upon the lovely captive. No doubt there were many who looked with envious thoughts upon Hissoro-roy and his fortunes. If so, their emotions were concealed, their glances furtive.

After the council was over, no one interfered—no one seemingly took any interest either in the renegade or his pale-faced squaw; they were left to themselves.

And to me. From that moment, my eyes and thoughts rested only on them; I saw no one else; I thought of nothing else; I watched but the "wolf" and his victim.

The old chief had retired into the tent. Isolina had been left alone.

Only a moment alone. Had it been otherwise, I should have sprung forward. My fingers had moved mechanically towards my knife; but there was not time. In the next instant, Hissoro-roy stood beside her.

He addressed her in Spanish; he did not desire the others to understand what was said. Speaking in this language, there would be less danger.

There was one who listened to every word. I listened—not a syllable escaped me.

"Now!" began he, in an exulting tone—"Now, Dona Isolina de Vargas! you have heard? I know you understand the tongue in which the council has spoken—your native tongue. Ha, ha, ha!"

The brute was jeering her.

"You are mine—soul and body, mine; you have heard?"

"I have heard," was the reply, in a tone of resignation!

"And surely you are satisfied; are you not? You should be. I am white as yourself—I have saved you from the embrace of a red Indian. Surely you are satisfied with the judgment?"

"I am satisfied."

This was uttered in the same tone of resignation. The answer somewhat surprised me.

"'Tis a lie!" rejoined the brutal monster; "you are playing false with me, sweet senorita. But yesterday you spoke words of scorn—you would scorn me still!"

"I have no power to scorn you; I am your captive."

"Carrambo! you speak truth. You have no power either to scorn or refuse me. Ha, ha, ha! And as little do I care if you did; you may like me or not at your pleasure. Perhaps you will take to me in time, as much as I may wish it; but that will be for your consideration, sweet senorita! Meanwhile, you are mine—body and soul you are mine."

The coarse taunt caused my blood already hot enough, to boil within my veins. I grasped the hilt of my knife, and, like a tiger, stood cowering on the spring. My intent was, first to cut down the ruffian, and then set free the limbs of the captive with the blood-stained blade.

The chances were still against me. A score of savages were yet around the fire. Even should he fall at the first blow, I could not hope to get clear.

But I could bear it no longer; and would have risked the chances at that moment, had not my foot been stayed by some words that followed.

"Come!" exclaimed the renegade, speaking to his victim, and making sign for her to follow him.

I listened for the reply of Isolina; I watched her as well; I noted her every movement.

I saw that she pointed to her limbs—to the thigh-fastenings around her ankles.

"How can I follow you?" she inquired, in a calm voice, and in a tone of surprise. Surely that tone was feigned! Surely she meditated some design?

"True," said the man, turning back, and drawing the knife from his belt. "Carral! I had not thought of that; but we shall soon—!" He did not finish the sentence; he stopped in the middle of it, and in an attitude that betokened hesitation. In this attitude he remained awhile, gazing into the eyes of his victim; then, as if suddenly changing his mind, he struck the knife back into its sheath, and at the same time cried out—

"By the Virgin! I shall not trust you. You are too free of limb, sweet *margarita*! you might try to give me the slip. This is a better plan. Come! raise yourself up—a little higher—so. Famos!"

While delivering the last words, the ruffian bent himself over the half-prostrate captive; and, placing his arm underneath, wound it around her waist. He then raised her upward until her bosom rested upon his—the bosom of my betrothed in juxtaposition with the painted breast of this worse than savage!

I saw it, and slew him not; I saw it, and kept cool—I can scarcely tell why, for it is not a characteristic of my nature. My nerves, from being so much played upon during the preceding hours, had acquired the firmness of steel; perhaps this enabled me to endure the sight—this, combined with an almost certain prospect of an improved opportunity.

At all events, I kept cool, and remained in my place, though only for a moment longer.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CRISIS.

The renegade having raised the unresisting captive in his arms, proceeded to carry her from the spot. He scarcely carried her; her feet, naked and bound, were trailing upon the grass, both together.

He passed the lodge, and was going towards the copse, in an oblique direction. I waited neither to see nor hear more. Still keeping within the timber, I glided along its edge; with quick but noiseless step I went, making for the same point towards which the ruffian was tending.

I arrived first, and stooping under the shadow of the tree, waited, with knife in hand, firm grasped and ready.

His burden had delayed him, he had stopped midway to rest, and was now standing scarcely ten paces from the edge of the grove, with the girl still in his arms, and apparently leaning against him.

There was a momentary wavering in my mind as to whether I should not then rush forth, and strike the coup. The chance seemed as good as I might have.

I was about deciding in the affirmative, when I saw that Hissoro-roy had again taken up his burden, and was moving towards me. He was making directly for the spot where I stood—the crisis was near.

It was even nearer than I thought. The man had scarcely made three steps from the point of rest, when I saw him stumble and fall to the earth, carrying the captive along with him!

The fall appeared accidental. I might have deemed it so, but for the wild shout with which it was accompanied. Something more than a mere stumble elicited that fearful cry.

There was a short struggle upon the ground—the bodies became separated. One was seen to spring suddenly back; I saw it was Isolina! There was something in her hand—both moonlight and firelight gleamed upon the crimsoned blade.

She who grasped it bent for an instant downward—its keen edge severed the thongs from her limbs, and the moment after, she was running in full flight across the level sward of the camp ground.

Without reflection, I sprang out of the covert and rushed after her. I passed the renegade, who had half-regained his feet, and appeared but slightly wounded. Astonishment as much as aught else seemed to hold him to the spot—He was shouting and swearing—calling for help and uttering threats of vengeance.

I could have slain him, and was half-inclined to the act; but there was no time to stay. I only thought of overtaking the fugitive, and aiding her in her flight.

The alarm was given—the camp was in commotion—fifty savages were starting upon the chase.

As we ran, my eyes fell upon a horse—a white horse. It was the steed; a man was leading him by a lasso. He was taking him from the fire towards the ground occupied by the mustangs; he was going to picket him on the grass.

Horse and man were directly in front of us,

as we ran—in front of the fugitive. She was making towards them; I divined her intention.

In a few seconds she was up to the horse, and had seized the rope.—The Indian struggled, and tried to take it away from her; the red blade gleamed in his eyes, and he gave back.

He still clung to the rope, but in an instant it was cut from his hands, and, quick as thought, the heroic woman leaped upon the back of the steed, and was seen galloping away.

The Indian was one of the horse-guards, and was therefore armed; he carried bow and quiver.—Before the horse had galloped beyond reach, he had bent his bow and sent an arrow from the string. I heard the "sheep" of the shaft, and fancied I heard it strike; but the steed kept on.

I had plucked up one of the long spears as I ran across the camp.—Before the Indian could adjust another arrow to the string, I had pinned him to the grass.

I drew back the spear, and, keeping the white horse in view, ran on.

I was soon in the midst of the mustangs; many of them had already stampeded, and were galloping to and fro over the ground. The guards were dismayed, but as yet knew not the cause of the alarm. The steed with his rider passed safely through their line.

I was following on foot. Fifty savages were after me; I could hear their shouts.

I could hear them cry "Wakono," but I was soon far in advance of all. The horse-guards, as I passed them, were shouting "Wakono!"

As soon as I had cleared the horse-drove, I again perceived the steed; but he was now some distance off. To my joy, he was going in the right direction—straight for the yuccas upon the hill. My men would see and intercept him.

I ran along the stream with all speed. I reached the broken bank, and, without stopping, rushed into the gully for my horse.

What was my astonishment to find that he was gone!—my noble steed gone, and in his place the spotted mustang of the Indian. I looked up and down the channel; I looked along its banks—Moro was not in sight.

I was puzzled, perplexed, furious. I knew no explanation of the mystery—I could think of none. Who could have done it? Who? My followers must have done it? Rube must have done it? but why? In my hot haste, I could find no reason for this singular action.

I had no time to reflect—not a moment. I drew the animal from the water, and leaping upon his back, rode out of the channel.

As I regained the level of the plain, I saw mounted men, a crowd of them coming from the camp. They were the savages in pursuit; one was far ahead of the rest, and before I could turn my horse to flee, he was close up to me. In the moonlight I easily recognized him—it was Hissoro-roy the renegade.

"Slave!" shouted he, speaking in the Comanche tongue, and with furious emphasis, "it is you who have planned this. Squaw! coward! you shall die! The white captive is mine—mine, Wakono! and you—"

He did not finish the sentence. I still carried the Comanche spear; my six months' service in a lance regiment now stood me in stead—the mustang behaved handsomely, and carried me full tilt upon my foe.

In another instant the renegade and his horse were parted; the former lay levelled upon the grass, transfixed with the long spear, while the latter was galloping riderless over the plain!

At this crisis I perceived the crowd coming up, and close to the spot. There were twenty or more, and I saw that I should soon be surrounded.

A happy idea came opportunely to my relief. All along I had observed that I was mistaken for Wakono. The Indians in the camp had cried "Wakono;" the horse-guards shouted "Wakono," as I passed; the pursuers were calling "Wakono," as they rode up; the renegade had fallen with the name upon his lips; the spotted horse, the robe of jaguar-skins, the plumed head-dress, the red hand, the white cross, all proclaimed me Wakono!

I urged my horse forward, and reined up in front of my pursuers. I raised my arm, and shook it in menace before their faces; at the same instant I cried out in a loud voice:

"I am Wakono! Death to him who follows!"

I spoke in Comanche. I was not so sure of the correctness of my words—either of the pronunciation or the syntax—but I had the gratification to perceive that I was understood. Perhaps my gestures helped the savages to comprehend me—the meaning of these was not to be mistaken.

From whatever cause, the pursuers made no further advance; but one and all, drawing in their horses, halted upon the spot.

I stayed not for further parley, but, wheeling quickly round, galloped off as fast as the mustang could carry me.

CHAPTER C.

THE LAST CHASE.

On facing towards the hill I perceived the steed still not so distant. His white body, gleaming under the clear moonlight, could have been easily distinguished at a far greater distance. I had expected to see him much further away; but, after all, the tilt of lances, and the menace delivered to the pursuing horsemen, had scarcely occupied a score of seconds, and he could not in the time have gone out of sight.

He was still running between myself and the foot of the hill—apparently keeping along the bank of the stream.

I put the Indian horse to his full speed. The point of my knife served for whip and

spur. I was no longer encumbered with the spear; it had been left in the body of Hissoro-roy.

I kept my eyes fixed upon the steed, but he was fast closing into the timber that skirted the base of the hill; he was bearing the bend where I had taken to the water, and would soon be hidden from my view behind the bushes.

All at once I saw him swerve, and strike away to the left, across the open plain. To my surprise I saw this, for I had conjectured that his rider was aiming to reach the cover offered by the timber.

Without waiting to think of an explanation, I headed the mustang into a diagonal line, and galloped forward.

I was in hopes of getting nearer by the advantage thus given me, but I was ill satisfied with the creeping pace of the Indian horse, so unlike the long, free stretch of my noble Moro. Where was he? Why was I not bestirring him?

The white steed soon shot clear of the hill, and was now running upon the plain that stretched beyond it.

I saw that I was not gaining upon him; on the contrary, he was every moment widening the distance between us. Where was Moro? Why had he been taken away?

At that instant I perceived a dark horseman making along the foot of the ridge, as if to intercept me; he was dashing furiously through the thicket that skirted the base of the declivity. I could hear the bushes rattling against the flanks of his horse; he was evidently making all the haste in his power, at the same time aiming to keep concealed from the view of any one upon the plain.

I recognized my horse, and upon his back the thin, lank form of the earlier trapper?

We met the moment after at the point where the thicket ended. Without a word passing between us, both simultaneously flung ourselves to the ground, exchanged horses, and remounted. Thank Heaven! Moro was at last between my knees!

"Now, young fellow!" cried the trapper, as I parted from him, "gallop like duration, as kitch up w' her! We'll soon be arter on yur trail—all right ther. Away!"

I needed no prompting from Rube; his speech was not finished before I had sprung my horse forward, and was going like the wind.

It was only then that I could comprehend why the horses had been changed; a *rase* it was—an afterthought of the cunning trapper. Had I mounted my own conspicuous steed by the camp, the Indians would in all probability have suspected something, and continued the pursuit; it was the spotted mustang that had enabled me to carry out the counterfeits!

I had now beneath me a horse I could depend upon; and with renewed vigor I bent myself to the chase. For the third time, the black and white stallions were to make trial of their speed—for the third time was it to be a struggle between these noble creatures.

Would the struggle be hard, and long? Would Moro again be defeated? Such were my reflections as I swept onward in the pursuit.

I rode in silence; I scarcely drew breath, so keen were my apprehensions about the result. A long start had the prairie-horse. My *ducky* had thrown me far behind him—nearly a mile. But for the friendly light, I should have lost sight of him altogether, but the plain was open, the moon shining brightly, and the snow-white form, like a meteor, beamed me onward.

I had not galloped far, before perceiving that I rapidly gained upon the steed. Surely he was not running at his fleetest? Surely he was going more slowly than his wont?

Oh! could his rider but know who was coming after!—could he but hear me! I would have called, but the distance was still too great. She could not have heard even my shouts; how could she distinguish my voice?

I galloped on in silence. I was gaining—constantly and rapidly gaining. Surely I was drawing nearer? or were my eyes playing false under the light of the moon?

I fancied that the steed was running heavily—slowly and heavily—as if he was laboring to the race. I fancied—no, it was no fancy—I was sure of it! Beyond a doubt, he was *not* going at his swiftest speed!

What could it mean? Was he broken by fatigue?

Still nearer and nearer I came, until scarcely three hundred yards appeared between us. I fancied that my shouts might be heard, that my voice—

I called aloud; I called the name of my betrothed, coupling it with my own; but no answer came back—no sign of recognition to cheer me.

The ground that now lay between us favored a race-course speed; and I was about putting my horse to his full stretch, when, to my astonishment, I saw the steed stagger forward, and fall headlong to the earth!

It did not check my career, and in a few seconds more I was upon the spot, and halting over horse and rider, still prostrate.

I flung myself from the saddle, and drew nearer. Isolina had disengaged herself, and risen to her feet. With her right hand chapping the red knife, she stood confronting me.

"Savage! approach me not!" she cried in the Com

and then only after the prairie had been fired behind us.

We found shelter in a pretty grove of acacias, and a grassy turf on which to repose. My wearied followers soon fell asleep.

I slept not; I watched over the slumbers of my betrothed. Her beautiful head was pillowed upon the robe of jaguar-skins, and my eyes were upon it. The thick tresses had fallen aside, and I saw—

The matador, too, had been merciful! or had gold bribed him from his cruel intent? No matter which! he had failed in his fiendish duty. I saw but the trifling scar where the gold circlet had been rudely plucked—the source of that red hemorrhage that had been seen by Cyprio!

I was too happy to sleep.

It was our last night upon the prairie. Before the setting of another sun, we had crossed the Rio Grande, and arrived in the camp of our army. Under the broad protecting wings of the American eagle, my betrothed could repose in safety until that blissful hour when—

Of the Comanches we never heard more. The story of one only was afterwards told—a fearful tale. Ill-fated Wakono! A horrid end was his.

An off-told tale by the prairie camp fire is that of the skeleton of an Indian warrior found clapping the trunk of a tree! Wakono had horridly perished.

We had no design of giving him to such a fate. Without thought had we acted; and though he may have deserved death, we had not designed for him such terrible retribution. Perhaps I was the only one who had any remorseful feeling; but the remembrance of that scalp bedecked shield—the scenes in that Cyprian grove—those weeping captives, wedded to a woful lot—the remembrance of those cruel realities evermore rose before my mind, setting the remorse I should otherwise have felt for the doom of the ill-starred savage. His death, though terrible in kind, was merited by his deeds, and was perhaps as just as punishments usually are.

Poetical justice demands the death of Jura, and by the hand of Hollingsworth. Truth enables me to satisfy the demand.

On my return to the camp, I learned that the act was already consummated—the brother's blood had been avenged!

It was a tragic tale, and would take many chapters in the telling. I may not give them here. Let a few particulars suffice.

From that dread night, Hollingsworth had found a willing hand to aid him in his purpose of retribution—one who yearned for vengeance keenly as himself. Whately was the man.

The two, with a chosen party, had thrown themselves on the trail of the guerrilla, and with Pedro as their guide, had followed it far within the hostile lines. Like stealthy hounds, they had followed it night and day, until they succeeded in tracking the guerrillas to their lair.

It was a desperate conflict—hand to hand, and knife to knife—but the rangers at length triumphed; most of the guerrillas were slain, and the band nearly annihilated.

Jura fell by Hollingsworth's own hand; while the death of the red ruffian El Zorro, by the bowie-knife of the Texan lieutenant, was an appropriate punishment for the cruelty inflicted upon Conchita. The revenge of both was complete, though both still bore the sorrow within their hearts.

The expedition of the two lieutenants was productive of other fruits. In the head-quarters of the guerrilla they found many prisoners, Yankees and Apaches—among others, that rare diplomat Don Ramon de Vargas. Of course the old gentleman was released from captivity, and had arrived at the American camp, just in time to welcome his fair daughter and future son-in-law from their grand anti-hymeneal tour upon the prairie.

THE END.

CHILDHOOD AND OLD AGE.

The exquisite little poem called *The Retraite*, has ever been my favorite among the old poet, Henry Vaughan's compositions. I was sorry, therefore, the other day, to find one of the most beautiful ideas in it contradicted by the alleged experience of another poet, Samuel Rogers:

"THE RETRAITE."

"Happy those early days when I
Blissed in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy sight
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell on hours,
And in those weaker glories play
Some shadows of eternity!"

Oh! how I long to travel back
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady City of Palm trees!"

"TABLE-TALK OF SAMUEL ROGERS."

"One afternoon, at court, I was standing beside two intimate acquaintances of mine, an old nobleman and a middle-aged lady of rank, when the former remarked to the latter that he thought a certain young lady near us, very beautiful. The middle-aged lady replied, 'I cannot see any particular beauty in her.' 'Ah, madam,' he rejoined, 'to us old men youth always appears beautiful!'—a speech with which Wordsworth, when I repeated it to him, was greatly struck. The fact is, till we are about to leave the world we do not perceive how much it contains to excite our interest and admiration; the vessels appear to me far lovelier now than they were in other years; and the bee upon the flower is now an object of curiosity to me, which it was not in my early days."

P. 138.

Both Vaughan's and Rogers's sentiments are so striking, one hardly knows which to believe. Perhaps both are true, old age being second childhood.—*Cor. Notes and Queries.*

They who are the most weary of life, and yet the most unwilling to die, are such as have lived to no purpose, who have rather breathed than lived.—*Clarendon.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Paris, July 23d, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The event of the past week has been the death and burial of the poet Beranger—the "song-maker," as he liked to call himself—at the age of 77, universally beloved and regretted. An immense concourse of people attended his funeral, which took place under the conduct of the civil and military authorities. As the funeral procession passed along, the affectionate regret of the crowd was testified by the constant cries of "Vive Beranger!" "Honneur à Beranger!" which broke forth as the hearse came in sight; and thus, attended by the sympathies of the population, the noble old man who had been loved so well, and honored by all the dignities and talents of the day, was borne to his grave.

The coffin was deposited in a handsome vault, purchased by the Emperor from his privy purse. A monument is to be erected over it, at the expense of the State; and the street in which the poet died, and in which he had resided for many years, is henceforth to be called the "Rue de Beranger."

THE LIFE OF A MANLY MAN.

The life of Beranger offers a noble contrast, in its modesty and uprightness, with the self-seeking, the dependence, and the frequent compromises of dignity and liberty that too often mark the career of those whose talent brings them conspicuously before the world, and subjects them to temptation from the blandishments of fashionable life. Offers of pecuniary aid were always rejected by him, no matter from what quarter they came. A very delicate attempt of the Empress Eugenie, a few months since, to add to the slender resources he derived from the sale of his works, was declined by him, respectfully, but firmly, as all such offers always have been. In order to enable himself to preserve this heroic independence, he adopted, in early life, a very simple style of living, from which he never varied; he never frequented the houses of the rich and fashionable, but kept himself as far as possible aloof from all but the few tried friends to whom he accorded confidence and intimacy. He was always kindly, truthful, humane, and extremely generous, despite the narrowness of his means, which consisted solely of the proceeds of his works, for he never suffered any one to bestow pecuniary favors on him; never accepted a place; never engaged in speculation of any kind. The papers are teeming with anecdotes of his generosity, and every one has something to relate in confirmation. Thus it seems that, when he lived in a humble lodging in the Faubourg St. Germain, he used to meet on the stairs a fellow-lodger whose appearance greatly interested him. The stranger was a very intelligent looking person, but evidently very poor, and crushed by want and anxiety. Yet his toilet was always neat, and a certain air of dignity and patience showed that he was not a vulgar man. Beranger, meeting his neighbor day by day on the stairs, became greatly interested in him, and continued gradually to make his acquaintance. He learned that his neighbor was a person of good family and excellent education, a physician, but unable to get into practice. His family had cast him off on account of his liberal political opinions, and used all their influence to injure him, and to prevent his succeeding in his profession. Without friends or funds, he was often at his wits' end for bare subsistence, and passed days together without tasting anything but bread and water. Soon after the poet had obtained the confidence of his unfortunate neighbor, the latter met him one day, with a radiant countenance.

"My family are beginning to soften," he cried, to Beranger, "they have sent me a quantity of most acceptable things. Who knows whether this may not be the beginning of a reconciliation?" And drawing the poet by the arm, the patient doctor drew his new friend into his room, and displayed to him a ham, a bag of coffee, a loaf of sugar, some new shirts and handkerchiefs, and various other items equally acceptable. "I have really not eaten to the extent of my appetite for many months past!" he exclaimed, as he joyfully displayed his treasures to his friend, "now I shall have a famous dinner, to make up for lost time!"

Beranger expressed his pleasure at the news, and his hope that better times were beginning for him, and left him lighting a fire, in a state of great exaltation, to prepare some coffee from the store sent in by his relatives. But the relatives of the poor physician had nothing to do with the matter. It was Beranger, then very poor, who had contrived, out of his poverty, to make this generous provision for one still poorer than himself; and every week, for the long space of eight years, did he renew in the same delicate manner, the same generous contribution. So well was the thing managed, by Beranger's ingenuity, that the recipient of his bounty never knew to whom he had been indebted for this long and persevering aid.

In the first flush of youth, the moral conduct of the gifted young poet was not altogether without reproach in one respect. Keenly alive to beauty and grace, and hurried on by an ardent and enthusiastic temperament, he is known to have worshipped at the shrine of many of the frail goddesses of his day. But this phase of his life did not last long. He became exceedingly attached to Mademoiselle Judith—, a very beautiful and charming girl of his own rank, and of his own way of thinking, who fully reciprocated the devotion of the poet. The invincible aversion to every species of legal restraint, and the absolute need of unfettered freedom in all his personal and social relations that marked his whole career, rendered the idea of marriage utterly repulsive to him, and no ceremony, either civil or religious, was ever gone through by the poet and the lady whom he loved. But the affection was so entire on both sides, that no cloud or coolness ever occurred between them; and they lived together in untroubled harmony and entire devotion to each other for more than half a century. In the later years of her life, Mile Judith had become the prettiest and most charming little old lady it was possible to see; always the picture of neatness, with a plain gown, of old-fashioned cut, and a mob-cap, trimmed with a double row of snowy lace, and a white ribbon crossed behind, and tied in a bow over the top of the head. Lively,

yet gentle, exceedingly intelligent, adoring her poet-lover to the last, an excellent counselor, and a most generous and ready friend, Mile Judith was well worthy to occupy the corner of the fireside opposite the poet. She always sat in an old carved arm chair, with a cushion of eider-down behind her shoulders, and her feet on a little stool. She was a capital house-keeper, and made the slender resources of the poet go a very long way. Nothing could be more lively, peaceful and agreeable than the domestic sphere of which she was the presiding genius. A warm friend of the poet, knowing his abhorrence of gifts and favors, left his property, at his death, to Mile Judith, for her life-time, thinking she would certainly outlive the poet, for she was several years his junior, and enjoyed most excellent health up to a short period before her death. With the additional funds thus placed at her command, Mile Judith made their home a very comfortable one, though in a very simple way, and was able to give effect to the generous impulses of the poet and her own.

The death of this excellent woman was mentioned in one of my former letters. During her malady it was most touching to see the care with which she sought to hide her real state from Beranger, and the pains taken by the latter to dissimulate the grief with which he weighed him down. He was often obliged to leave the room to hide his tears; and would come back, seemingly gay, witty and happy, as was his wont, while she, deceived by his manner, would express to their friends her hope that his elasticity of temperament would enable him to bear up under the loss, and that he would soon get over her absence, and find consolation in friendship and philosophy. But the poet, overwhelmed with sorrow at her death, never recovered from the blow, and he has now followed the faithful partner of his long and honorable life after a separation of only a few months.

With regard to the genius of the deceased poet, there can be but one opinion. Some of his earlier productions are undoubtedly marred by very great license of thought and of expression, and must be offensive to sound judgment, as to correct taste. But these blemishes disappear in the productions of his maturer years, and his broad human kindness, earnest patriotism, contempt of shame, and horror of oppression, his unceasing aspirations after liberty and progress, his genial humor, and inexhaustible fancy, the tenderness, grace and vigor of his style, must ensure him a high place in the memory of his countrymen and of the world, for many a long year to come.

A RELIGIOUS BUTCHERY.

Great horror has been excited here by the murder of a Jewish wagoner in Tunis, accused of having said something disrespectful of Mohammed, in reply to a gratuitous insult to the Jewish faith by a fanatical young Tunisian, who fancied that the wheels of the "unclean" wagoner's cart had touched, and so profaned his garments as he passed by. The quarrel between the two was instantly taken up by the Tunisian population; although it was late in the evening when the incident occurred, eighty witnesses sprung up by magic, declaring they had heard the "blasphemies" of the Jew, who appears to have been a little the worse for something rather stronger than water. The Jew was dragged from his cart, hurried before the magistrate, and instantly condemned to death. The French consul, hearing of the excitement, waited on the Bey, praying him to grant a commutation of the sentence; but in vain. The Bey confirmed the sentence, and ordered the Jew to be executed within the hour. The whole population, wild with fury, turned out to witness the execution, and wreak their vengeance on their victim. They ran him through with daggers and swords, taking care the wounds should not be mortal, and then proceeded to mangle and torture their victim with a fiendish cruelty and perseverance that make one's blood run cold. Suffice it to say that after forcing the Jew to endure all that his body could endure without dying, they ended his sufferings by cutting him up piecemeal, throwing portions of him to the greedy Tunisian dogs; they next put the mangled remains together, and pelleted them with stones; and having subjected them to every indignity, threw them into the ditch where the offal of the city is deposited.

The Bey has shown so much enlightened judgment in many of his administrative measures, that a better action on his part might have been hoped for. All the foreign consuls there are indignant at this judicial assassination, and at the abominable cruelties by which it has been accompanied.

How melancholy is the tendency of human nature, all the world over, to wreak its utmost bitterness on difference of opinion upon the very subjects most removed from the domain of matter-of-fact, and consequently, by their very nature, least susceptible of being proved with the mathematical or psychological certainty which alone could render unanimity of conviction possible!

BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE.

The upmost topic here is still the marvellous power of Mr. Home, as the Scotch-American "medium" now writes his name, and is called by his friends; and this not among the lower and more credulous ranks of the people, but among those most distinguished for intellect, station, and knowledge of the world. The friends of the "medium" were in despair, a week or two ago, at the sudden loss by him of his occult faculties whatever they may be. It seems that the Emperor, when Count de Morny went to see him at Plombieres, imparted to him the extraordinary phenomena he is in the habit of witnessing on the part of Mr. Home. Count de Morny, a confirmed skeptic in all such matters, and by far the shrewdest patron in the Emperor's party, frankly declared to his imperial brother that he did not believe one single bit of all these wonders.

"You shall see for yourself," replied the Emperor.

"That, of course, I shall very willingly do," returned the Count; "but I am pretty certain beforehand as to what the result will be."

Last Saturday Mr. Home spent the evening at the Count de Morny's. He was in the full exercise of his singular powers, and all the usual "manifestations" were produced in great force. Crackings were heard in every piece of the furniture, the air grew suddenly

cold, invisible hands touched the guests and carried different objects about the room, tables were lifted up into the air and held there by the same agencies, shining hands were seen by many of the guests, conversing with "spirits" took place, shades of dead people were evoked, and things mentioned to the host of which he alone could be cognizant. Count de Morny is stated to have become a firm "believer" in the inexplicable powers of the renowned "medium." These old things having gone on through the whole evening, Mr. Home was so much fatigued by them that his powers suddenly deserted him, as it appears they sometimes do for months together. He had promised to show these phenomena at M. Gignoux's, where Larry, (the great surgeon of the Hotel Dieu), Chénard, the well-known artist, Count Mitzchek, (son-in-law of M. de Balzac), and other distinguished scientific and literary men, were assembled to examine the mysterious claims of the "medium." But Mr. Home was unable to produce a single "manifestation" throughout the evening. His "spirits" had deserted him. In grief at his loss, he determined to leave Paris, and bury himself in some unapproachable solitude. But after a week's incapacity, the "powers" of this problematic personage suddenly came back to him, at the Duchess of Hamilton's, (a cousin of the Emperor), where he was passing the evening a couple of days ago. It appears that the "spirits" have explained to him that it was the great exhaustion produced by his action at the Count de Morny's that had thus compelled them to leave him for a time; and have forbidden his leaving Paris, a project which he has accordingly renounced.

A DELECTABLE GHOST STORY.

Among the most fervent believers in the marvels produced by Mr. Home, is a Russian nobleman of very high rank, and a good deal of talent. This gentleman, a few days since, being at a party where the strange deeds of the "medium" formed the subject of discussion, recounted the following anecdote, with a view to proving that the spirits of the deceased do, sometimes, "walk the earth."

"Just after the Grand-Duke Paul," said this nobleman, "returned to St. Petersburg, from his journey through western Europe under the title of the Count du Nord, he one evening, took a ramble through the streets of that city, accompanied by Prince Kourakin, and a couple of monks. Suddenly the Grand-Duke, as he neared the gateway of a house before they were passing, perceived a tall figure enveloped in a long cloak, and a hat drawn down over his eyes, standing just inside the gateway. This figure, that seemed to be waiting for the Grand-Duke, walked slowly out as the Grand-Duke approached the door, placed itself at his side, and went on beside him, without speaking. The stranger moved on at the same pace as the young heir, but his steps struck on the pavement as though he were shod with stone. Something stiff and stony in the whole appearance of the figure, and an unaccountable coldness felt by the Grand-Duke all down the side of his person next to which the stranger was walking, startled the Grand-Duke, and alarmed him he hardly knew why. Presently a hollow voice seemed to issue from the folds of the mantle, exclaiming,

"What do you want with me?" demanded Paul, annoyed and astonished at the adventure.

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HYMN OF THE HARVESTERS.

We gather them in—the bright green leaves,
With our scythes and rakes to-day,
And the mow grows big, and the pitcher heaves
His life in the sweetening hay.

Oh, ho! a field! for the mower's scythe,
With a ring of destiny,
Sweeping the earth of its burthen lithe,
As it sings in warful glee.

We gather them in—the nodding plumes
Of the yellow and bending grain,
And the flash of our sickles' lithe flames
Our march o'er the vanquished plain.

Now we come with the steed-drawn car—
The cunning of modern loom,
And the rocks stir to its clanking jar,
As it seeks its hungry jaws.

We gather them in—the mellow fruits
From the shrub, the vine and tree,
With their russets, and golden, and purple suits,
And each has a juicy treasure stowed.

All amidst its lithe wind,
To cheer our guests at the social board,
When we leave our cars behind.

We gather them in—in this goodly store,
But not with the miser's greed,
For the Great God Father we adore,
Hath but given it in trust.

And our work of death is but for life,
In the sunny days to come—
Then a blessing upon the Reaper's strife,
And a shout at his Harvest Home.

CANINE CERTAINTY IN MEXICO.—The editor of a journal published in the city of Mexico, in view of the practice prevalent in that locality, of cutting off the tails of the canine species, indulges in the following eloquent dissertation, which we translate for the benefit of our readers:

"What an absurd and barbarous act it is to deprive a dog of his tail! It is, in fact, to cut out his tongue, for a dog speaks much less with his tongue than with his tail. With his tail a dog not only expresses gratitude, but also fear, love, solicitude, courage, desire, love, obedience, anger, shame, defiance, fear and gaiety. It is clear, therefore, that in cutting off a dog's tail we deprive him of the power of speech." We should conclude that after the publication of the above, bob-tailed dogs would become less numerous in the city of the Montezumas.—*To En Talk.*

PEPPER is an almost universal condiment. Black pepper irritates and inflames the coatings of the stomach—red pepper does not; it excites, but does not irritate, consequently it should be used instead of black pepper. It was known to the Romans, and has been in use in the East Indies from time immemorial, as it corrects that flatulency which attends the large use of vegetable food. Persons in health do not need any pepper in their food. But to those of weak and languid stomachs, it is manifold more beneficial to use Cayenne pepper at meals than any form of wine, brandy or beer, that can be named, because it stimulates without the reaction of sleepiness or debility.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

SPEECH.

Speech is morning to the mind;
It spreads the beautiful images abroad,
Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul.

—*Luc.*

The beauty of woman transcends all other forms of beauty, as well in the sweetness of its suggestions, as in the delicious fervor of the admiration it awakens. The beauty of a lovely woman is an inspiration; a sweet delirium; a gentle madness. Her looks are love potions.

Never wish a thing done, but do it.

A promising boy, not more than five years old, hearing some gentleman at his father's table discussing the familiar line—"An honest man's the noblest work of God," said he knew it wasn't true—his mother was better than any man that ever was made.

On a physician admonishing a patient on one occasion against his supposed habit of eating too fast, and telling him that *belching* the food was a bar to digestion, he said, "You speak ironically, doctor."

Rural walks are pleasanter than rural rides. The charm of the country is in its sights and sounds. On horseback or in a carriage, the senses are not lulled by the hum of insects, the rustling of leaves, or the songs of birds. These, and more than these, the distant sounds that fall so sweetly on the ear, and that break only to illustrate and deepen the peacefulness of the scene, are all rendered ineffable by the clatter or clump of your horse's feet, or the roll of your wheels.

It behooves us ever to bear in mind, that while our actions are always to be judged by the immutable standard of right and wrong, the judgment which we pass upon men must be qualified by considerations of age, country, situation, and other incidental circumstances; and it will then be found, that he who is most charitable in his judgment, is generally the least unjust.

"I am afraid I shall come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman. "I have come to want already," was the reply—"I want your daughter." The old lady opened her eyes.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CONTRACTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,

No. 33 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

Stock	Price	Stock	Price
U.S. 6 per cent	104 1/2	Phil. & Nor.	24 1/2
" 5 1/2 per cent	104 1/2	Reading	24 1/2
" 5 per cent	104 1/2	Miner.	24 1/2
Pa. R.R. 6 per cent	104 1/2	H. & L.	24 1/2
" 5 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 4 1/2 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
Pa. R.R. 4 1/2 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 4 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 3 1/2 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 3 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 2 1/2 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 2 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 1 1/2 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 1 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 1/2 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 1/4 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 1/8 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 1/16 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 1/32 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 1/64 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 1/128 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 1/256 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 1/512 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 1/1024 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 1/2048 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 1/4096 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 1/8192 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2
" 1/16384 per cent	104 1/2	Har. & L.	24 1/2

JUST PUBLISHED,

Wit and Humor.

NORTH CAROLINA WITNESSES.

It must be confessed they sometimes meet with rare specimens of human nature in some of the courts of North Carolina. Almost everybody remembers the celebrated "Cousin Billy Dillard" case—and here is one recently reported in the Asheville Spectator—not far distant from it.

The writer gives it under the head of

LEGAL PROCEEDINGS.

Action for work and labor done in cutting ditch on defendant's land. Plea: Payment and set off in bacon and corn meal.

Plaintiff's son on the stand—recollects the ditching perfectly, but seems to forget all about the bacon.

"You say your daddy did all this ditching? Do you know what he got in pay for it?" inquired Col. C. for defendant.

"He never got nothing, as ever I heard on, that's what he never got," answered the witness.

"Didn't your daddy get corn and bacon from defendant in pay for that ditching?"

"Never heard of his gettin' no corn or bacon."

"What did your daddy and his family live on last summer?"

"Vittles, mostly."

"What sort of vittles?"

"Well, meat and bread, and some whiskey."

"Where did he get that meat and bread?"

"Well, fust from one and fust from the other."

"Didn't he get some of it from defendant?"

"He mought."

"I know he mought, but did he? that's the question."

"Well, he mought, and then agin you know he moughtn't."

(With considerable excitement and in tones of thunder.) "Answer the question, sir, and no more of this trifling with your oath. Did your daddy, or did he not, get corn and bacon from the defendant for ditching?"

"Well, now he mought; it don't occur exactly, you know."

Here his honor interferes, and with a stern, judicial frown, addresses the witness thus:

"Witness, you must answer the question, or the court will be compelled to deal with you. Can't you say yes or no?"

"I reckon."

"Well, then, answer, yes or no. Did or did not your daddy get corn and bacon from the defendant at the time referred to?" inquired the court.

(Now fully aroused and conscious of his danger.) "Well, Judge, I can't exactly remember, you know, 'seem' as how it's all dun, dun gone and eat up; but," (planting himself firmly as one determined to out with it,) "to the best of my recollection, if my memory serves me right, he mought, and then agin he moughtn't."

The plaintiff saved his bacon. Verdict accordingly.

Mrs. PARTINGTON'S LAST.—"People may say as much as they please about the excellence of the schools," said Mrs. Partington, very seriously, "but for my part, I think they are no better than they ought to be. Why do you know," continued she, in a big whisper, "that Isaac's teacher has actually been giving him instruction in vulgar fractions." She took off her spectacles and rubbed the glasses, in her excitement putting them on bottom side up.

The charge, we admitted, was a just one.

"Yes," continued she, brightening up for a new sponge, like a slate beneath the action of a wet sponge, "yes, and see what other things they learn, about moods, and pretences, and all sorts of nonsense. Gracious knows we learn moods enough without going to school, and as for pretences we find enough of them outside. There are too many pretenders in the schools and out of 'em, without trying to make any more."

She was provoked because she didn't get the medal for her splendid composition on the "American Eagle," which, by the way, she had not published yet.—*Boston Gazette.*

FASHIONABLE CALL AND THE IDEAL EXCHANGE.—"How do you do, my dear?"

"Patty well, thank you."

"They kiss."

"How have you been this age?"

"Patty well. How have you been?"

"Very well, thank you."

"Pleasant to-day."

"Yes—very bright; but we had a shower yesterday."

"Are all your people well?"

"Quite well, thank you. How are yours?"

"Very well, I'm obliged to you."

"Have you seen Mary B. lately?"

"No; but I've seen C."

"You don't say so! Is she well?"

"Very well, I believe." [Rising.]

"Must you go?"

"Yes, indeed; I have seven calls to make."

"Do call again soon."

"Thank you; but you don't call on me once in an age."

"Oh, you should not say so. I'm sure I'm very good."

"Good-bye."

ANOTHER JUST LIKE HIM.—Sydney Smith used to solemnly Scotchman, speaking of an "old" Scotchman, whom he had known a little time before at a London dinner-party.

"Why, sir, your friend seems incapable of appreciating humor; I doubt whether he would take a joke if you were to shoot it at him out of a cannon."

"Why, sir," replied the other, "how could one shoot a joke out of a cannon? I never saw such a thing in all my life, as a joke being shot from a cannon."

A GENIUS FOR QUESTIONING.—One night, some years ago, our door-bell rang violently several times in succession, and on going to it, we found a green Irish girl, who put to us the following question:

"Dax mee sister live here?"

"What is your sister's name?" asked we.

"Ca-atrine," said she.

We said no, and shut the door.

In half an hour she came again, in like manner, and asked:

"Kood ye tell me ware she lives?"



CABBY.—"Let yer out? That's a good un! Not afore yer pays for breaking my springs!"

Agricultural.

SMALL FEET IN HORSES.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

I am not surprised at any one being struck aghast at the bare mention of small feet as regards the horse; for with them is associated the idea of contracted heels, with the frequent accompaniments to such feet—corns, thrushes, chronic lameness, internal inflammation, navicular disease, and a long category of ills that feet are heir to.

But here let me observe that persons are apt to be too apprehensive of mere small feet, for let me remark they may be very sound ones, nor at all indicative of, or the result of, any of the diseases I have mentioned, or of others equally to be dreaded. The mule and the ass have both peculiarly-formed feet. A horse being mule-footed conveys at once the idea of what his feet are like, nor to those conversant with such matters does it convey any idea causing a decided rejection. The Arab has usually mule-like feet; yet I should be inclined to say the Arabs were particularly sound as to feet. I am the more emboldened to state such an opinion from the following circumstances.

Some years ago a friend of mine wrote to me requesting me to purchase a couple of racehorses to run in India. His letter ran thus: "You know as well as I can tell you the kind of horses to run with success chiefly against Arabs or horses bred here, where they run what your English racing ideas consider long distances, and that at high weight. All I tie you to is, they must have feet of cast iron to stand the ground we have to train on."

This, coming from a man accustomed to keep racehorses in England, I think, proves far more than any opinion of mine that Eastern horses, though owning small feet, must usually have sound ones; for I never heard that foot-lameness was prevalent with them.

Persons not judges of the matter may, perhaps, act judiciously in rejecting at once a horse with tendency to small feet; that is, if they intend to purchase on the somewhat precarious test of their own opinion and judgment. But the difference is so great between a small foot and a contracted one that I should consider a mere glance at either sufficient to satisfy the opinion of any man possessing any knowledge of the matter. Size has, in a general way, little to do with contracted feet; a horse may have a foot as big as a dinner-plate, and still have what we call a contracted foot; whereas, to further make use of the dinner-service figuratively, he may have a foot as small as a butter-boat (that is, supposing it to be the old-fashioned one of an oblong square), and have no tendency to a contracted foot—in such case he would be mule-footed, but with the heels showing open and wide. It is but rarely we find a horse with his foot contracted altogether, for in such case some internal chronic disease must have long existed that would have rendered the animal more or less lame. But contracted heels are a disease of daily occurrence, and these a horse may have though his foot may be large to unsightliness. Persons are apt to imagine that the lameness incident to contracted feet arises from the wall of the foot pressing upon the sensible portion inside it. This eventually may possibly be the case; but, supposing it to be so, it is the internal parts of the foot withering from some disease that causes the crust of the heels to follow. Let the internal foot retain all its juices, vitality, and consequent size, to support the heels and keep them expanded, the heels would be of themselves have no tendency to contract. It is not, therefore, the heels that are the offending party, but the internal part of the unfortunate one.

Persons on seeing a horse with a narrow foot, whether contracted or not, are apt to set it down invariably as arising from the effects of bad shoeing. That it in very many cases arises from improper treatment of the feet is quite certain; but it is not the actual shoe we must blame for ill consequences, but the improper paring the foot in wrong places that produces the mischief when any arises. The shoe has little to do with the matter, that is, with narrow heels; for, be it remembered, the nails do not, or at least should not, come far back enough to confine the heels. It may be said: "But the nails confine the sides of the foot." This I admit they do; but a horse's foot is not made of strong wood like a box, so that, if any sides are nailed tight, the extreme ends are equally confined; but, if that box was made of wood thin enough to be yielding, though you nailed the sides a certain way as firmly as you wish, the ends would be capable of expansion to a certain point. So I conceive it to be with the foot of the horse. The wall or crust is, to a certain degree, of a yielding substance, so

that, although we may confine the toe and sides by nailing, the heel has room enough to expand if it has a tendency to do so, or, at all events, to retain its natural width, while the internal part of the foot is able to support it, and is not weakened by injudicious use of the drawing knife, or, worse still, that of the buttress—a tool now nearly exploded from all but quite country shoeing-forges, where the practice is chiefly among cart-horses.

Having, I hope, from what I have said, in some degree rescued my friends the shoeing smiths from the indiscriminate blame thrown on them as accessories to every species of contracted feet, let us see if we cannot find some one or something more meriting our accusation. So long as men ride horses on made roads properly or improperly, or so long as they ride them in other situations, calling on them for exertion for which we have no reason to suppose nature ever intended them, so long will the animal be subject to disease unknown to him in a state of nature; among these, those incidental to the feet is one, and I think I may say the most prevalent. Internal diseases often do not lame perceptibly for a long time after their incipient existence. Horses will often become, to a certain degree, even absolutely lame, without its progress being detected, until it is, comparatively speaking, too late; in all probability internal fever in the foot has long existed, sapping and drying up its vitality till, in figurative comparison, it is like the withered kernel of the nut, with this difference: the nut is surrounded by a hard shell capable of retaining its original form without support from the inside, whereas the foot of the horse is not, and consequently follows the gradual diminution of the internal fabric.

Shoes have been made with a tendency to (as it were) force open or widen the heels; such shoes, if they fulfilled the promises made for them (which, with the weight of horse on them, I very much doubt) would be proper enough as an adjunct; but the use of them was beginning "at the wrong end of the stick." First endeavor to remove or palliate the cause of contraction of the feet, namely, internal fever and consequent disease; endeavor to restore vitality, and get, if possible, the wholesome juices of the foot to animate its dried and withered state; then, indeed, an expanding shoe, in addition to our other efforts, may be of some use. But it must be clear that, supposing we could force the crust and heels back to their original formation, unless we could so cure the disease as to give the internal sensible part of the foot a disposition or capability of expanding also, the forcing open the heels would incurably lame the horse. Various have been the inventions to cure the disease of contracted feet; various the tortures the animal has been put to with the same intent—all of which, in a general way, have lamentably failed.

I may have occasion again to touch on this complaint, and the modes employed to endeavor to remedy it; and in mentioning so far as I have its fatal effects, I have done so to show my readers that I am quite aware of the serious consequences of contracted feet, so am, perhaps, one of the last men to undertake anything bordering on such malady; and, knowing what I do of the disease, though I do not object to a naturally small foot, I have as great a horror as man can have of a contracted one.—*London Field.*

HEAVES IN HORSES CURED.

A friend informs us that his best horse (which by the way, as well as himself, we have long known), was sold to him when but four years old, by a professed jockey who intended to cheat him. He found, after the purchase was made, what he had some fears of before, that he had unmistakable symptoms of the heaves—a rather unpromising symptom for a horse so young. He resolved, however, to cure him if possible, and accordingly fed him only on wet hay, and at the same time gave him water and other greasy slops to drink, which of course he would not touch till very thirsty. But he soon learned to like this mixture, till he consumed all the slops and sour milk from the kitchen, and now, at fourteen years of age, he will gulp down will as readily as any pig. The heaves very soon disappeared under the treatment administered; but it was nearly three years before a radical cure was effected, or until there were no returning symptoms when he was fed on dry and dusty food. He proved a most valuable animal, and since that time for many years, accomplished about twice the amount of labor, that common good horses are able to perform.

A few years since the owner was visiting at a brother-in-law's, when a neighboring horse-dealer, seeing the animal, demanded the price—our friend unthinkingly answered, "a hundred and fifty dollars." The brother-in-law

inquired, aside, with some surprise, "what, do you want to sell that horse so low—that man will certainly call on you, for he has a match for your horse." "Indeed! why I would not part with him for five hundred dollars!" "Yes, he will call on me, without failure, to know the character of the horse; what shall I say to him, and tell the truth?" "Say to him that I am a brother-in-law of yours, on friendly terms, and that you would rather not say anything about the horse." The jockey called as expected—the proposed answer was made, and suspecting this was a proof some secret fault, the jockey was glad to give up his purchase.

This cure may have been owing to other causes than his peculiar drink, yet the experience is one that is worthy of attention, and if oily or greasy substances mingled with the drink have any influence on the disease, the fact is worthy of testing by trial.—*Country Gentleman.*

UNDERDRAINING.

To talk of the benefits of draining during a dry hot summer may appear to some people as inapposite as to congratulate the inmate of an iron dwelling-house on his possession of a fire-escape. So prevalent is the belief that underdraining is useful solely for the purpose of letting out water from the soil, that comparatively few practical farmers look for any advantage except in a wet season; not that they are ignorant of other uses of drainage beside letting off surplus saturating water; no farmer worthy of the name would fail to conduct rain-water off his land by surface-grips, or have recourse to underdraining simply to tap the soaking subterranean springs. We know better than to seek merely the drying of our fields; we eagerly catch the fertilizing rain, and filter it through our soil, and have even got as far as "evaporation." It is clear that by sending down the rainfall through the soil in quick and unobstructed percolating streams, instead of suffering it to stagnate and saturate, and slowly find an escape by evaporation, and by passing away in a barren surface-outflow, a great number of successive charges of atmospheric air are introduced into the interstices; and this air contains fertilizing gases, and prepares inert mineral ingredients for the use of plants, beside operating mechanically in improving the texture of the soil. Every drop of water sinking through a crevice excavated by the use of a spade or other implement, and draws in after it another charge of fresh; very small quantities of water thus refilling the cracks and channels of the earth with large quantities of air—just as a small quantity of liquid flowing through a pipe, drives out the volume of air occupying the whole length of the pipe, and is followed by another volume equally as large.

But what action can the existence of underdrains create or facilitate, at periods when there is no water to penetrate and pass through the ground? Why, a soil that has been permeated with fissures and crevices by repeated wetting and drying, and the agency of currents of water and air consequent upon drainage, is actually damped in hot, dry, summer weather, than land that has not been made thus porous. Underdraining land not only dries, warms, and enriches it in wet weather, but also moistens it in time of drought.

The sun's rays, heating the surface of the earth, produce an upward current of air through the soil, just as certainly as the blazing chandelier of a theatre, rarifying the air in the roof, causes a current to ascend to it from the building below. Each crack or worm-hole in the ground acts as a chimney, only that the ascending "draught" is occasioned by a fire above instead of beneath. But air is also drawn upward in another way; the evaporation of moisture at the surface, and the absorption of it by the roots of a growing crop, suck up water from below by capillary attraction; and air follows the successive drops and trickles of water through the pores and tubes between the particles of earth. A sufficient number of clear, open under-drains thus provides a free circulation of air, and this will not only rise through the soil immediately above the drains, but will spread out on either side, as the upward current is produced at every point of the surface, and so draws the air from the drains laterally as well as vertically. Well, but will not this admission of warm summer air into the soil tend rather to dry it still further than to moisten it? No; atmospheric air always contains some invisible watery vapor, which will be condensed upon a body colder than the air itself. The surface of a tumbler of cold water is covered with dampness on a dry hot day, owing to this condensation. Now, as the soil (excepting just at the surface) is always colder than the air on a warm day, the air passing into the drains and up through the soil, gives up its watery vapor to the cooler soil in the same way that it does to the cold glass. And so important is this aerial conveyance of moisture to supply crops during a drought, that a system of air-drainage, or the laying down of hollow drains

in such a manner as to facilitate the introduction of air along their entire course, has been advocated and largely carried into execution by practical men.

Besides this actual subterranean watering of the ground by the agency of warm, humid air, of course there are other advantages found in dry weather from a well-drained soil. The ameliorated condition of the ground for several feet in depth, renders it more absorbent and retentive of moisture dropped by dews and acquired from the atmosphere. And again—as the roots of plants penetrate much deeper and spread wider in a deeper-drained, than in an imperfectly-drained soil, they are, as it were, out of the reach of drought, and from their greater extent obtain a larger amount of moisture and nutriment; so that in consequence of good drainage, our crops are in many ways supported and preserved through "dry times," and frequent recurrences of "hot Wednesdays."

Let the underdrained, shallow-ploughing farmer watch with apprehension his backward mangolds, his scorching peas, and dried-up wheat; but those of us who have obtained a deeper acquaintance with the soil, and borrowed more profoundly into the resources of our planet, may welcome a feverish sun without dismay, and smile at the complaint of our thirsty neighbors, who have neglected to make a cistern of their soil and a spring of the atmosphere.—*Mark Lane (London) Express.*

DESTRUCTION OF VERMIN BY ANESTHETIC AGENTS.

M. Doyre has read a paper before the Paris Academy of Sciences, on the destruction of vermin by anesthetic agents, applied particularly to the ridding of wheat of insects. A Paris letter says that extensive experiments were made at Algiers, with the following results:—

"Experiments have been made at Algiers on the most extensive scale with these objects, especially to ascertain their effects on cereals. It was ascertained that two grammes of chloroform or sulphur of carbon per metrical quintal of wheat were sufficient to destroy in five days time all insects in wheat; with five grammes of sulphur of carbon per metrical quintal, the destruction takes place in twenty-four hours. The action of chloroform is slower in consequence of the density of its vapor, which impedes it downwards and keeps it in the lower portion of the wheat. The action of sulphur of carbon or chloroform may be made so prompt as to be instantaneous, if larger proportions be employed. The mass of grain operated on, so far from being a difficulty, rather simplifies the operation. Experiments were made on 11,600 hectolitres of barley at once; 100 pounds of the sulphur of carbon were used, which required twenty minutes to introduce into the mass. These operations may be made successfully even when the heap of grain is simply covered with a water-proof cloth, which is closed with clay near the ground on every side. The anesthetic agents do not merely kill the insects, but they destroy the larvae and the germs in the eggs, while the grain operated on retains all its germinating properties. The fetid odor of the sulphur of carbon is soon dissipated; and after they have been exposed two or three days to the air, and moved occasionally with a shovel, no trace of it remains. These grains, so treated, when ground and made into bread, cannot be distinguished from grain which has not been exposed to the influence of anesthetic agents. Animals ate the barley, while it was still fetid, with such an appetite and avidity as to indicate that the odor and the savor it retained were far from being disagreeable to them. M. Doyre states that the sulphur of carbon possesses no physiological action which survives its anesthetic influence; it is an energetic anesthetic, without any consecutive toxic effect. He believes, too, that the sulphur of carbon prevents grain from heating itself and fermenting in granaries. Of this point he promises to make further experiments."

SWINE.—Last winter I made some inquiries concerning a sow that had lost the use of her legs suddenly on being turned out on the ground, after having been kept in the pen for some time. This spring I have had two more affected in the same way, and others in the neighborhood are similarly affected. I have heard much said about the stoppage of the holes in the legs of hogs; having never read anything about it in works written on the hog, I thought probably it was not so necessary that these should be kept open as some supposed; but I now feel satisfied that the stoppages of these holes was the cause of my hogs becoming helpless, and that it is necessary to the health of the hog that these should be kept open and discharging.

On examining the fore-legs of a hog, several small holes may be seen on the inside of the hinder part of the knee: from these, in a healthy hog, exudes a moisture; whenever these are found to be closed and dry, the hog will not be in a healthy, thrifty state. I find it a good thing to take strong soapsuds and a corn-cob and rub the legs well. If any one can tell me the cause of the stoppage of this discharge, and a better remedy, I shall feel obliged.—*Country Gentleman.*

SNAKES AND PEAFOWLS.—The peafowl is the natural enemy not only of the adder, but of every kind of snake. A friend assures us, that some years ago he witnessed the following curious scene in Gloucestershire, England. His attention was attracted one morning by the loud call of a peacock, which was followed by the immediate flight of its congeners to the spot whence it proceeded. Upon arriving there himself, the birds were encircling an adder, and each striking it on the head in turns. The reptile was coiled up, and apparently had just died. The blows had all been given close to the little orifice in the neck (the ear), which was very much lacerated.—*Notes and Queries.*

AGRICULTURAL SUICIDES.—Was it an ordinary event in the days of Elizabeth for farmers who had hoarded corn, to hang themselves before the season in which they had expected to realize their profits, was one of plentiful crops? One would think so from the copious allusions to the practice in works of fiction of the time:—

"Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty."—*Much ado About Nothing*, Act II. Sc. 3.

"And hang'd himself when corn grows cheap again."—*Hall's Satires*, Book IV. Satire 6.

The Riddler.

ACRONYMICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

- I am composed of 25 letters.
My 1, 2, 13, 2, is a person of renown.
My 2, 20, 6, 22, 17, is the seat of life.
My 3, 6, 22, is the organ of hearing.
My 1, 20, 11, 3, 21, 5, 6, 21, 35, is a means of communication.
My 3, 25, 13, 13, 3, is a river in Europe.
My 6, 1, 19, 9, 13, 17, 15, 16, is one of the five great oceans.
My 7, 13, 13, 3, is a river in Egypt.
My 3, 6, 7, 17, 12, 23, 7, 13, 6, is an exiled Mexican ruler.
My 9, 21, 6, 13, 13, 8, 14, is a preposition.
My 19, 15, 21, 5, 13, 8, is a river in Asia.
My 11, 3, 10, 4, 18, 5, is a symbol representing a distinct sound.
My 12, 15, 3, is an invisible elastic fluid.
My 13, 9, 7, 13, 13, 3, is a female name.
My 11, 6, 19, 19, 3, 5, is an adjective in the comparative degree.
My 15, 1, 6, 19, 15, 12, 13, 8, are noted for their skill in painting and sculpture.
My 13, 3, 6, 8, 22, 22, was a Roman General.
My 17, 29, 19, 19, was an expert archer.
My 15, 6, 21, 13, 3, is called the king of birds.
My 19, 3, 18, was an American General.
My 29, 19, 3, 24, 23, 6, 13, 17, is the largest of animals.
My 21, 5, 12, 13, 13, is raised by the farmer.
My 22, 6, 15, 8, 15, 7, is a noted river in North America.
My 23, 7, 13, 14, was a British Queen.
My 21, 20, 1, 23, 19, is part of a flower.
My 23, 5, 21, is a musical instrument.
My whole, when completed, will be of great importance to the old and the new world.

H. R. FOX.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

- I am composed of 23 letters.
My 1, 7, 12, is the wife of Jupiter.
My 6, 12, 8, 2, was one of the harpies.
My 6, 5, 10, 8, 8, 10, was the god of music.
My 6, 4, 11, 6, is a lady's name.
My 6, 12, 3, 7, 13, was a god of the winds.
My 5, 6, 11, was the god of shepherds.
My 9, 8, 12, 12, is a kind of Chinese wood.
My 13, 2, 12, 12, is an animal.
My 6, 5, 5, 8, 12, is a kind of fruit.
And my whole was a highly distinguished naval commander.

C. A. G.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

- I am composed of 23 letters.
My 23, 29, 5, 33, is a dignitary in cathedrals.
My 18, 31, 33, 39, 13, is a small ship with one deck.
My 15, 16, 11, 11, 39, 19, 15, is a hard drinker.
My 29, 20, 7, 8, 6, 10, is a farmer's tool.
My 14, 23, 19, 37, 31, 23, 34, 17, is a knight.
My 39, 19, 21, 24, is an animal.
My 4, 5, 3, 23, is an herb.
My 1, 2, 17, 15, 12, 6, is a bird.
My whole is an event which took place during the war of 1812.

CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

- My first, a household implement,
A useful thing without
Transposed affords amusement
To boys both large and small.
Of my next a prefix you can make,
A daisy of my third;
Transposed, my third is pleasant to take,
Especially when you're tired.
Should you be egotistical,
You would surely use my next:
If not, I am superfluous,
And wandering from my text.

- My fifth a preposition is,
My fourth and fifth a play;
My whole a jolly fellow is,
When in a drunken way.

CINROS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

- Of five letters I'm composed—
'Tis true, to say the least,
That I am used by great and small,
The king, the slave, the priest.

- Erase a letter, then you'll have
An agent serene and strong;
Of great use to the world it is—
This you can guess ere long.
Erase another, then you'll have
A thing that's done by all;
In city great or country wide,
In cot or palace hall.

- If I would tell you any more
'Twould really be guessed;
So now you may, with what you have,
Just try to find the rest.

ALPHA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

- My first is a command to desist.
My second is the common term of our species.
My whole is a distinguished American.

T. E. WOOD.

ANAGRAMS

ON CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

- When